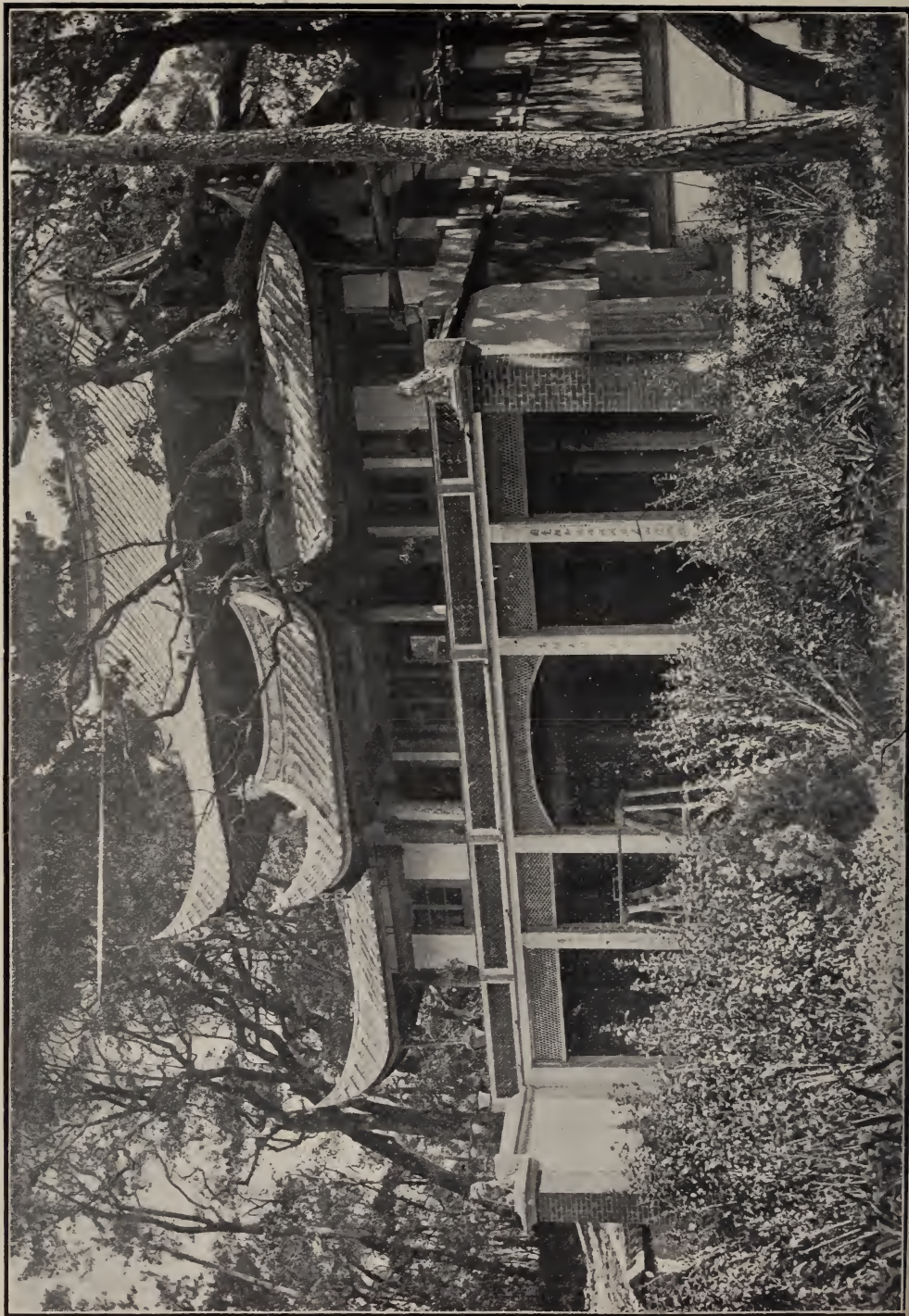


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Life and Light

VOL. XXXIV

AUGUST, 1904

No. 8

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH. Between May 18th and June 18th our Treasurer received only \$9,603.12 in contributions for the regular pledged work, so that again we must lament a falling off of receipts. This sum is less by \$4,578.12 than the amount received in the corresponding month of 1903, and the total receipts, including legacies, for the first eight months of our year show a shrinkage of \$12,038.86. Can anyone who loves the Woman's Board of Missions and the work it is trying to do read these figures without a great sinking of the heart? Let us search faithfully till we find some way to help to bring into the treasury the gifts without which some work must be given up. If each one who reads will do her utmost in gift and influence, much may yet be done before the closing of our year on October 18th.

A WELL-PLACED GIFT. Those friends of the American College for Girls at Constantinople who have known in detail about the needs of the institution have felt for a long time the great need of better facilities for heating and lighting the main building. The labor involved in warming the rooms by more than sixty stoves, and in caring for a corresponding number of kerosene lamps, with the great risk of fire all the while, has seemed very wasteful. The sanitary arrangements, too, have been entirely inadequate to the need. Now many hearts will rejoice to know that by the generous gift of a faithful friend these wants can be supplied, and in the near future the college will have full equipment of conveniences for health and comfort.

NEWS FROM THE MORNING STAR. After many delays, vexing but inevitable, the new Morning Star sailed from Boston on June 11th. On the 21st the secretaries of the American Board were gladdened by receiving the word "exactly" cabled to them from the Azores by Captain Garland. Translated into fuller English the word brings to us this news: *act* stands for arrived safely after a prosperous voyage; *ex* means all on board well

and in good condition; while the suffix *ly* tells us that the vessel proves an excellent ship, and has made better time than her friends expected. May all blessing go with all her future voyaging.

MISSIONARY PERSONALS. Miss Cornelia S. Bartlett, who started our kindergarten work in Smyrna and cared for it for many years, has been for a long time unable to work, suffering from extreme nervous exhaustion. She has just returned to this country with her father, Rev. Lyman Bartlett. Miss Cornelia Judson of Matsuyama, Japan, has recently arrived on furlough.

“**DUX CHRISTUS.** We are glad to announce that *Dux Christus*, the new book on Japan issued by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions, is now ready. The author, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, was called to Japan in 1871 to help “to organize schools on the American principle,” and no one knows better than he the strength and the weakness, the charm and the need, of that country. Many women have long been interested in Japan as a land of fascinating artistic interest, and in the last six months all who read current news have held their breath in wonder at the skill and heroism their army and navy have repeatedly shown. Now let our thought go deeper than Satsuma vases or military success, and let us all study with loving hearts to know their need, and to find how best to send the gospel of the Master who came to save them as truly as to save us.

A MISSIONARY'S TESTIMONY. Miss Harriet L. Osborne, who went out to the Foochow Mission in 1901 (everyone must read her vivacious article on page 345), says in a personal letter: “I wish I could in some new way, with vital impressive words, persuade some young college woman that we speak the truth when we say that to be allowed to work for God here among this people is one of the most blessed privileges of life. I would not willingly exchange it for the old position at home, delightful and remunerative as that was. Why strive with the crowd for standing room there when a ‘field’ is awaiting one here?” Another worker says: “If the majority of Christian women in our colleges really believed in missions nothing would keep back a large number from coming to help in this grand work for women and children. We must have some one right off here in Tung-cho. The more gifts one has the better, and the one who comes will experience a far richer life than if she remained at home. Not a representative of Mt. Holyoke, Smith, or Wellesley in our North China Mission. They are poorer colleges because of it. May the Lord himself give them eye salve; they need it.”

ANNUAL MEETING. The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in the Union Church in Providence, R. I., on November 1, 2, and 3, Tuesday being given to the meeting for delegates only, while the sessions of the other days are open to everybody. We want you there; you will gain help and give help. Can you not arrange to come if you plan well ahead to get away from other cares?

WE are adding material for the course of study on Japan. Two leaflets are just issued. *Christianity's Blessing for the Women of Japan* is by Miss Hide Yegashira, one of her own daughters, and bears its own suggestion to share our blessings with that interesting people. *The Women of Japan* is by Miss M. F. Denton, of Tokyo, and is a fitting companion of the other. Price of both these, two cents; twenty cents per dozen. There is also a bright little recitation for our juveniles, representing four little Japanese visitors to American children. Free. Please inclose stamps for postage when ordering. We are adding to our leaflet store fresh descriptions of our boarding schools. Miss Marion E. Sheldon, one of the teachers, has given us *The Armenian Girls' High School*, in Adabazar, Turkey. Free. Leaders of mission bands will be grateful to Mrs. C. H. Daniels for furnishing a most interesting program, entitled, "Moving Pictures, Children of India." It will not only be attractive to our little people, but will give them graphic impressions of child life in that far-away land. Price, ten cents. We earnestly desire to call attention to the reprint of a leaflet, entitled, *The Power of Missionary Literature*, by Mrs. Merrill E. Gates. Because of its thoughtful reasoning we wish it might find its way into many a literary as well as missionary circle the coming winter. Price, two cents; twenty cents per dozen. Also we call attention to an attractive reprint of a leaflet by Mrs. A. A. Berle, entitled *The Cradle Roll, What It Is and How to Form One*. Price, two cents; twenty cents per dozen.

AN EXHIBIT OF OUR LITERATURE. With much pains and skill Miss Hartshorn has arranged an exhibition of samples of the publications of the Woman's Board, to be displayed at the School of Missions in Northfield and at the Conference at Silver Bay. The leaflets on the different countries are all attractive, those on Japan with the characteristic cover designed for us by a Japanese artist inviting special attention as helps to next year's study. Our three periodicals are there, and specimens of story leaflets, exercises, dialogues and recitations for children's and young people's meetings, hints for starting and leading cradle rolls—in fact, literature that tries to answer the many questions continually brought up by our work.

Medical Work in China

BY DR. FRANCES E. GODDARD

SICKNESS and suffering are hard to bear even in the richest homes in America, where every comfort abounds and the highest skill is obtainable. The shadow of death is not pleasant even where faith in a Saviour and an eternity of bliss lend their brightness and promise. But sickness is very much harder to bear where there are no comforts, as in the homes of the poor, where neglect aggravates the suffering. Pitiable indeed then is the suffering in sickness in heathen homes, where are no comforts whatever. Here ignorance and superstition are cruel in their devices, and here death means separation from all one loves and knows, to enter one knows not what or where.

No wonder that Jesus, with a heart full of love and compassion, went about healing the sick and teaching his followers to do the same.

There is a satisfaction in being able to relieve suffering, and nowhere more than in China to-day. The help the missionary brings in sickness opens the hearts of all, the barriers of prejudice and superstition fall away, the contempt and dislike of foreigners is forgotten, and love and gratitude give a welcome to a more precious gift than healing; to what, before, would have been refused outright or listened to with scant attention, even the words of eternal life.

The sickness and suffering of China are aggravated by the neglect of proper hygiene, the use of harmful remedies and cruel treatment, and the superstitious fear of demons and evil spirits.

The Christian physician in China has therefore many opportunities for preaching the gospel and love of Jesus. It requires a great deal of persuasion only to convince these people that the *hu-li-ma*, the fox spirit, is not the cause of disease, or that burning spots on the head of a sick child is not efficacious in curing disease. But the loving care and the actual relief and cure of disease by the physician, besides winning gratitude, destroys these foolish beliefs and practices, and leaves the heart free and willing to listen and to believe that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

In comparison to the missionary work notice the method of conducting philanthropic work by the natives.

Just outside the city of Foochow there is a government refuge for lepers. It is supported by a grant for each patient. Like all government grants it is

subject to "squeezes," and therein lies the difficulty. As the grant is according to the number of patients it is to their advantage to secure as many as possible, and a premium is placed on each new one discovered. The grants must first pass through the hands of the mandarin or official, who takes a liberal squeeze; then the superintendent takes his share, and then the head of the leper guild, and then the one who discovered the new patient, so that what remains and is given to the patient for his support is almost nothing, especially for the first year. The institution supplies nothing, as



HOSPITAL PATIENTS, FOCHOW

each patient is supposed to provide for himself from his grant. If he has no friends, or is unable to supply the deficiency, he is forced to join the ranks of the miserable roadside beggars. If he has friends or relatives they are tormented by other lepers for help until their lives are made miserable. We heard of one case where the leper on being discovered forced his family to nail him in a coffin and bury him alive rather than have them subjected to the demands made on them by the other lepers. They fear the horrors of the leper refuge more than the disease itself. Among the dispensary patients

we recall one who excited much interest and sympathy. He came very quietly for medicine, fearing detection by his fellow countrymen. His anxiety lest it be discovered that he was a leper was pathetic to witness, and he used every precaution to keep it a secret as long as possible.

Nor is the government leper refuge an isolated example of conducting philanthropic work in China by the natives. We quote from a report of the hospital at Fatshan: "When that hospital was put up our friends over the way, the natives, put up one of their own; not because they wanted to heal the sick, but because they wanted to prevent us from doing it. Much money was collected, and the place was built. Two years ago Dr. M — and I visited that native hospital, and what did we see? There were five men in the hospital,—one dying of confluent smallpox, one dead, two in the last stages of a burning fever, one lying on the bare boards mad. I turned with a heavy heart to the keeper and said: 'Is this all for the expenditure of so much money?' 'All,' he said; 'we cannot give these fellows rice, for they are too far gone to eat it. We dare not give it to those who can eat it or we should attract all of the scoundrels of the neighborhood.' He added, 'All we are really able to provide for them is coffins.'"

The following case from the hospital records gives an example of the power of the gospel to bring peace and comfort into their lives:—

A woman, twenty-two years old, was brought one day whom, her attendants said, was possessed by an evil spirit and that it appeared every afternoon about three o'clock. On the day of her arrival they were anxiously waiting for it, but it failed to appear, and the patient said it was because she was with us that it was afraid to come. In speaking of it she said: "It followed me everywhere, and frightened me so that I screamed all of the time. [In fact, she had almost lost her voice from the irritation caused by the constant screaming.] Sometimes it seized me and made me have convulsions, and one time when I was unconscious a native doctor was called, who took a hot iron and burned me on the face to revive me. [A deep scar remained at the seat of the burn.] But it has not followed me here, and I am free now." It was touching, indeed, to hear her repeat in her hoarse, trembling voice the little prayer we taught her. She was much impressed with the teachings of the gospel and said she wanted to become a Christian, and while with us she unbound her feet. When she came into the hospital her hair had not been combed for weeks; she had not been washed, neither had her garments, and her appearance was altogether most repulsive. It was pleasing to note the great change which took place in her. When she went from us she was calm and happy and her appearance neat and attractive. She was indeed free, in body and soul, from her affliction, for in

Jesus she had found peace. It is doubly sad to see one so afflicted in China, for their ignorance of the proper care for them only aggravates the trouble.

Another interesting history is that of a widow who brought her little boy to be treated. She told me the trouble began with a fever and that he was given some very strong native medicine which caused serious intestinal trouble from which he was suffering when brought into the hospital. She remained in the hospital long enough to see him much improved and we learned something of her life. Her husband was a prosperous business man and provided a good living for his family, but he had lately died and she,



OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL DOOR, FOOCHOW

understanding nothing of business affairs, was not able to control the property and everything was taken for the funeral expenses and she was left penniless. She formerly learned to make a variety of idol paper, but now that she is a Christian she refuses to do anything connected with idolatry. She also makes shoes, but her trade in that line is very small, as many of the ladies make their own shoes. In her struggle for a livelihood she offered one of her children to a friend who had no family to rear as her own child.

Many more cases might be given, for there are scores of them.

The medical work is recognized by all missionary workers as one of the great factors in contributing to the success of missions. It opens the door and removes barriers as no other branch of the work can do. Through it the rich in their luxurious homes and the poor in their wretched hovels are alike attracted and give ear to the teachings which we have to offer.

The medical work accomplishes its aim when it leads souls to forsake their idols and accept Christ as their Saviour. We have abundant proof that this blessed result is often attained.



Our Medical Work in China

THE Congregationalists have fifteen physicians doing missionary work in China, as follows: In the Foochow Mission are Drs. Lucy P. Bement, Edward L. Bliss, Hardman N. Kinnear, Emily D. Smith, Minnie Stryker, Henry T. Whitney and Kate C. Woodhull; in the South China Mission, Dr. Charles R. Hager; in the North China Mission, Drs. James H. Ingram, Estella L. Perkins, Henry D. Porter, Francis F. Tucker, Emma B. Tucker; in the Shansi Mission, Drs. Ireneus J. Atwood and Willoughby A. Hemingway.

In the year 1902, which is the last report at hand, 8,290 dispensary patients were treated at Foochow. The work of our Dr. Woodhull in the dispensary and hospital is supplemented by many visits in heathen homes. In the dispensary at Shao-wu, an inland station, 5,250 treatments are reported. Dr. Hager, at Hong Kong, is entirely unable to meet the many calls for help in sickness. Dr. Ingram, at Tung-cho, tells of 10,840 treatments, and the number will be multiplied in the new hospital. At Pang-Chuang the treatments have been 8,000, with 350 cases in the hospital.

The medical work is not strong, but endless need and abundant opportunity face our workers there. Could the equipment be multiplied many fold, still myriads of sufferers would perish without the touch of the gospel that brings healing to both body and soul.



MANY of the prominent men of Japan are Christians. To this creed belong one member of the Imperial cabinet, two judges of the Supreme Court, two presidents of the lower house of Parliament, three vice-ministers of State—not to mention a host of officials in the lower ranks. In the present Parliament the president and thirteen members in a total membership of 300 are Christians. In the army there are 155 Christian officers, or 3 per cent of all, and the two largest battleships are commanded by Christians. In Tokio three of the great daily papers have Christian editors.

From Foochow to Chinchew

BY MISS HARRIET L. OSBORNE

MISS WORTHLEY and I are on our way overland to Amoy. We left Foochow nearly a month ago, traveling by boat, sedan chair, and afoot; have made eight stops, long and short, at chapels and mission houses, and have at last come to Chinchew, the last resting-place this side of Amoy. We are having a most satisfactory and profitable trip, for we are learning more about the people and the work as we visit the various stations than we could know in years from annual reports. Each station has its own interesting features, each missionary her own special way of dealing with the problems of the work, and the results are so satisfactory that we feel we have been attending a normal training class.

We have a new attitude toward the Chinese, a new outlook on the work, an inspiration to better, more consecrated service; and, looking over the hedgerows at our neighbors' planting and reaping, we believe we shall be able to do more intelligently the gardening of our own fields.

We are staying at Chinchew with Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell Brown, of the English Presbyterian Mission,—beautiful, consecrated people. It is a benediction to be under their roof. They certainly count not their lives, time or choicest possessions dear unto themselves, if by any means they may win men to Christ; yet there is nothing sentimental about their living or methods of work, but rather the sanest, most practical common sense. The Chinese are made to recognize the fact that the work is theirs for themselves and their own people; that the foreigner is with them, not to introduce his religion, not to boss or control, but carrying out the principle, "One is our Father, even Christ, and all we are brethren," with ready love and charity to advise, support and encourage.

And Mrs. Brown has neighbors,—a condition of life rarely known here,—rank heathen people, whose ancestral altars constantly burn incense to the hideous gods upon them, and yet of whom she affectionately speaks as "my good friends." They send for her when the new baby comes into the world as well as when the family pig passes out; wedding dates are fixed to suit her convenience, and every joy or sorrow is poured into her listening ear. And already this practical Christianity is bearing fruit, for the children are beginning to attend the church of "the teacher's wife," and the older people are glad to listen to "the doctrine."

I fear we do not all of us have afternoon tea, because "it's so lovely for

our Chinese friends to come in then when we are not hurried, to sit and have a nice chat with us." This visit alone will be worth to us all that the journey has cost us, and may be worth much to our Chinese, too.

Just here the cook came in to ask if we would not go out to the north gate of the city to see a great row. He told an exciting story of a soldier's striking a Chinese woman who jostled him with her load of vegetables, of the anger of the husband, and the uprising of the clan to punish the barbarian.

Soldiers are the lowest grade of society, while the farmer holds an honored place next to the *literati*. Moreover, they are foreigners, and so distrusted and disliked in whatever province they serve. They are always strangers in their own native land, for they are stationed far away from their own province; so that, handicapped by an unknown tongue and the unfriendliness of the people, there may be no danger of their joining with the people in conspiracy against the government.

We have thanked the cook heartily for his proffered entertainment, and we do want to go; but considering the unstable quality of this people aroused, we believe it discreet to stay at home. We consider that the joke is on us, and little wonder at his lack of discrimination because we are so ready to hurry out at any hour of day or night to see the great shows of this intensely interesting people.

Yesterday while we were at dinner an invitation came to a wedding in the neighborhood. Dessert was just being served, but we could not wait to eat. We caught up our hats, red golf jacket, and anything to give a dash of festive color, and hurried away. The bride's chair had already arrived at the home of the groom and he was waiting to kick in the door of the chair and so invite her to "walk into my parlor" and meet her fate. Poor little girl in all her tawdry wedding finery, gold crown, and misery! How we pitied her standing there with her face buried in a new white cotton handkerchief, the picture of grief. Yet there may have been under that elaborately embroidered gown—hired for the occasion—a radiantly happy heart. Who can tell? But she had never even so much as peeped at her to-be husband, and if her girlish fancy had pictured, as even Chinese hearts must do, a handsome gallant prince, she was destined to weep and bewail in real earnest and not because it was the fashion. Perhaps the man's heart was good enough to make up for his repulsive face. We hoped so.

How would any one of our independent home girls enjoy having every detail of marriage arranged for her by the father and a "go-between" and never see her new lord and master until he removed from her head the strip of black bridal veil, the square of red silk, or as at Hinghua, a new bushel basket, in the bedroom after the ceremony?

There we went at once to congratulate her. On the edge of the great ark-like bed she sat still crying. It would have been quite impolite for a bride to appear pleased or anxious to be married or to respond to our words of congratulation, so they seemed to fall on deaf ears. Indeed, I am not sure they were sincere!

At another time we went out at the eerie hour of four in the morning to see all the officials of the city worship the tablet of Confucius. The ceremony, which is annually held thus early on the first day of the Chinese New Year, took place in one of the largest temples. We waited half an hour in



A BRIDE HIDDEN UNDER A BASKET

the outer court watching the officials assemble. The place was cavernous and dark, the night air chilling, the sleepy dignitaries slow in coming to worship. Momentary excitement was occasioned every few moments by a flare of lights and tramp of feet on the pavement outside, the entrance of an official, his funny obeisance to each official in turn as he passed down the slowly lengthening line and took his seat with solemn dignity befitting the occasion. Finally all the company rose, walked out to the street, and with

much ceremony welcomed the mandarin, the highest city official. Then each man's coolie rushed up with pigskin dress-suit case and hat-box, and soon elegantly embroidered jackets and beautiful caps of bright crimson feathers transformed the homely old fellows into gay, handsome knights. Like the Jews, they consider it reverent to cover the head even during an act of worship. There was a distinctly feminine rustle and swish of silk petticoats as the procession, with dignified and measured stride, passed slowly out into the great open central court headed by a band of players upon instruments. This court was probably five hundred feet in length, the center paved with immense flagstones leading up to the beautiful temple at the rear. Through the broad-spreading branches of the grand old trees the stars winkled down upon a strange scene. The great court was in utter darkness except as the flaring torches of some of the attendants sent out fitful lurid flashes into the blackness. Suddenly quick fires of some highly inflammable material mounted up from three massive old bronze braziers before the temple; the representative of the emperor standing before the sacred tablet, "the seat of the soul of the most renowned teacher of antiquity," called in sonorous tones, "Prepare! Kneel!" and at the command each of the twenty-five or more officials, from the fat old military general in his superb sable robe to the keeper of the keys, went down squarely on the red cushion before him. These had been placed with the utmost precision by the attendants, and woe to the man who should be found a few feet more or less from the spot determined by his rank. He might sometime be asked to kneel never to rise again. Mingling with the music (?) of the band came again from the distance, as out of the remote past, the leader's voice; and at the count "One, two, three," each proud official, who bows to no other master, touched his head as many-times to the flagstones in worship of Confucius. Twice they rose and again prostrated themselves, bowing three times to the earth. It was most weird and Oriental. The unearthly wail of the stringed instruments, mingling with the night wind, the stars, and the burning braziers, the voice from the temple's depths and the bated breath of the superstitious men, the beautiful gowns and flowing garments, the half-naked, shivering crowd of spectators, the worshipping figures, swinging their satin-padded arms in rhythmic motion as they saluted with hands raised together to the head,—all made a picture strange and unnatural, but worthy the brush of an artist.

All such heathen worship is most depressing. But we were inspired and made glad on the Sabbath when we met with over one hundred men and women rescued from such heathen bondage, and together worshipped the true God. The church was well filled. The services began at 9.30 with exposi-

tion of the Scripture by the pastor. At 10.45 followed the regular sermon, which was nearly forty-five minutes long and full of gospel teaching. At the close of the morning service a season of prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Fukien province occupied a quarter of an hour.

The women of the church were in their places at the opening, 9.30. At the close of the morning service they always remain and eat the lunches which they have brought in blue cotton handkerchief bundles or little baskets. They cook their rice on the native stove in the church kitchen, and sit about tables in the sunny, comfortable dining room. So you see, church kitchens are not unknown in China, but are used, not for oyster suppers and sociables, but to make it possible for mothers to worship on the Sabbath.

All assemble after eating, and the foreigners, older schoolgirls, and Bible women devote the time to personal work, explaining the sermon preached in the morning, reading the Bible, and teaching the hymns and the Sabbath-school lesson and text. Then at three o'clock all are ready for the Sabbath school, which lasts an hour and always includes a good talk by the pastor. The session is long, but the utmost freedom prevails, and if babies grow restless, or mothers are tired, they may sit outside in the shady court and hear the lesson through the open windows. Sunday is for them a day of worship.

But interesting things are going on, too, on the other side of the long partition which separates the women's seats from the men's. In a marked way prayer for the church is being answered, and unmistakable signs evidence that God's Spirit is at work among the men. For some time past the church has seemed to stand still; no advance has been made. Plague and cholera have decimated the two church congregations, and few new members have been brought in. Last week at the New Year, special services were held. First the pastors, elders, and deacons met and discussed the situation. They agreed that there was sin and careless living in the church, and that before they could suggest a season of repentance and prayer they must first search their own hearts and be cleansed from their sins. A most affecting meeting was held. After much prayer confession began spontaneously. Five of the twenty-three present acknowledged taking wine at feasts, and one, that he was in the habit of taking too much. Another said that on occasions he had not told the truth. Now this revealing of the heart may not seem a strange thing at home, but it is by no means a natural or an easy thing for the Chinese to acknowledge their faults. It is a crime, not to commit a sin, but to be found out. Later the brother who had been the greatest sinner gained a complete victory over self and decided to give up drink entirely. He even promised to report to the elders every week through a brother, who should visit him to ascertain if he were faithfully keeping his pledge.

They have recently formed a relatives' class at which they pray for their relatives who are out of Christ, having them present if possible. On Thursday every week there is street preaching and house visitation by the church members, and Mrs. Brown attends herself to the ways of her household on that day in order that the servants may go out to preach. Isn't that practical Christianity? Surely God is working among the people, and the influence of the prayers going up from China and from the home land is being felt; and this at a time when the hearts and minds of the people are being dis-



EASTER STYLES

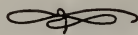
tracted by wars and rumors of wars. Religious life is always at low ebb when crises in national life are exciting the people. Even in these inland cities where no newspapers are published, and not many are distributed, by a marvelous system of wireless telegraphy the affairs of this and other nations are spread far and wide. As we were exploring the ruins of an ancestral abode one day we stumbled upon a miserably poor little house in one corner

of the place, where lived a man who not only gave us interesting history of the ancient things, but to our amazement commented most intelligently on America's taking the Philippines and the danger of China's division by the Powers.

They are a wide-awake people. Yet with their intelligence they do have curious notions. For some time past an enterprising foreign company has been surveying Foochow and the country round for the purpose of putting in reservoirs and waterworks to supply to the city cheaply and easily the abundance of water which now is constantly being carried on men's shoulders, as well as incidentally to make capital for themselves. Suddenly all operations were suspended and the enterprise abandoned. The city fathers had met in solemn conclave and decided that the business was only a plot to destroy the city; that the men were planning to make these great ponds of water, intending in time of war to tap them and so drown the entire four hundred thousand people at once. So coolies will continue to carry water, and men will continue to pay for it by the bucketful.

But I might go on indefinitely telling interesting things about the ideas, manners, and customs of these people. Our admiration of them grows daily as well as our appreciation of the privilege of being here to help them even a little to better, nobler, fuller living.

Everywhere we have been impressed with the beauty of the country; the sterling worth of the people; the splendid work now being done among them, and the greater opportunities everywhere opening; the few workers so full of enthusiasm; the glorious privilege to do and to be which so many of our young people at home are missing. God was very good to us when he sent us to China.



The Missionary's Return

BY MRS. JOHN S. PORTER

THE doorbell gives two little quick, short rings. "That's father!" shouted the boy, and sure enough it is. Only an everyday, modern missionary is "father," clad in a long, gray havelock and soft felt hat, but no fair lady in "ye olden tyme" ever helped unbuckle her brave knight's armor with more joy and pride than thrills the heart of Mrs. Missionary as she unstraps "Old Faithful," the missionary's traveling bag, from her goodman's shoulder and relieves him of umbrella and traveling rug.

"Fader, fader, fader!" shouts little two-year-old, dancing in her glee, and

lovingly patting the old gray coat as high up as the small, plump hands can reach, until—up, up she goes, and father exclaims that it is worth going away to get such a welcome home.

Such is the missionary's home-coming. "Old Faithful" goes for a short rest to the top shelf. The gray havelock, redolent with tobacco smoke, and smelling for all the world like a third-class Austrian steam-car compartment, goes out for an airing. The missionary goes into his study, takes down the precious little Union flag which he always hangs over the study table when absent on his tours, and then to the pile of letters until tea time.

"Now, father, tell us about it!" exclaims the boy almost as soon as the



A FARMYARD COURT IN BOHEMIA

family are seated at the table, and, according to his custom of relating at the first meal after the home-coming what befell him on the way, the missionary begins:—

"You know I was rather tired when I started. Fortunately there were few people in the coupé, so I just curled up and had a good nap as far as Kolin." [A missionary feat, to sleep on the wooden bench of a third-class Austrian coupé with nothing but a shawl under one.—*Scribe*.] "Had dinner at the inn which was blue with smoke, and then went to call on Dr. K. After that, two hours on the express train (studied the Sunday school lesson on the way), and we were at Deutsch Brod. Thought somebody would be at the station to meet me, but no. So I footed it to the city,

twenty minutes away. So many of the smaller Bohemian cities are twenty, thirty or even an hour's walk to the railroad station. Many of these cities were built hundreds of years before the railroads were even thought of, and the railroads could not twist so as to accommodate them all.

"Deutsch Brod is a queer old city. Up in the courthouse bell tower is clearly visible an iron skeleton so curiously constructed that it rings the bell that tolls the hour. They say that long ago the city was threatened by her enemies. The bell ringer was stationed in the tower to watch and warn the inhabitants if the enemy should appear, but this bell ringer was in league with the enemy, and although he saw them coming far away over the hills, not a sound from the courthouse bell. Another man warned the city, and the inhabitants, enraged at the treacherous bell ringer, threw him over the city wall. This was not the end of it. The traitor's skeleton was stationed in the bell tower, and when that crumbled, an iron one was made to take its place. Hour after hour and year after year the iron hands must strike the time—a ghastly warning to those who would betray their city's trust."

"What next, father?" interrogated the boy.

"Well, I looked sharp on the market to see if anyone was waiting for a man with a bag and an umbrella, but there was not, so I set out for a two and a half hours walk to Velka Voleshna. Up, up, up through the woods and over the hills (learned a good bit of the fifteenth of St. John in Bohemian on the way), and at last there hove in sight one of the brethren from Velka Voleshna. He kissed me on both cheeks, and glad was I to see him, for it was muddy and growing dark, and the last part of the way lay across the fields where it was very slippery and there was danger of tumbling into the ditch on either side. About eight o'clock we arrived at Farmer D.'s, tired, muddy and feet sopping wet."

"What was it like, father?" (This again from the boy.)

"Oh, it was like the common Bohemian village farmhouse. The farmers here, you know, do not have their farms apart by themselves as in America. They live together in villages and till their fields in all the country round. Through a big gate, closed and locked at night, one enters the farmyard court, a lively place I assure you, for it is bounded on its four sides by the house, stables, pig-pen, granary, street wall and what not, and pretty nearly everything under the sun is done in it.

"Well, there was a warm welcome for us in the little Bohemian farmhouse. The heavy, wet boots came off, a tub of water was brought in which to wash my feet (they took it as a matter of course that this should be done in the presence of the assembled family), and then we had supper. I wonder if you remember the poor man I told you about two years ago

who worked for this farmer. His body was deformed, his face wrinkled and distorted and he seemed scarcely human. Farmer D. said for a long time that man could not be persuaded to bathe, but finally he got someone to help him forcibly put him into a tub of water and gave him one good scrubbing. That bath seemed the beginning of brighter days for the poor fellow. Improvement began straightway. He did not get so fearfully angry as of yore, and now he had walked five hours in the rain to be present at the meetings, and he read in turn at family prayers.

“One rather startling statement Farmer D. made during the evening. He said their village was getting cleaned out. The riff-raff had all gone to America. Was there a notorious drunkard or a man who had done something which made it unpleasant for him to be around?—of a sudden he disappeared. ‘Gone to America!’

“There must be some interesting cases among the Bohemians in America, thought I, if that be true.

“About nine o’clock the maid went out to the barn for the third milking, and I began to think about bed. Now common Bohemian farmhouses do not have spare rooms, but I was ushered into the room where the meetings were to be held on the morrow, where was a bedstead piled high with good geese feather beds, famous to keep out the damp and cold.

“Morning dawned! With returning consciousness came the thought that this day would mean much to many people who would walk hours to attend the services. In a little circle of villages in Southeastern Bohemia from fifteen to twenty Christians gather every Sunday to read the Word of God and commune together, but only once in three months—four times a year—does a real preacher come to them. ‘May I break unto them, O Lord, this day the bread of life!’ I prayed.

“After breakfast the people began to arrive. Some had started the day before at two o’clock in the afternoon. They had walked five hours so as to spend the night at a village on the way, and then a morning’s ride of two hours on the train and another two hours’ walk tacked on to that had brought them to their destination. One woman, with her children, had started from home that morning at half past four, and in the mud and rain had driven five hours, and she was there on time, too. You may well believe it. And if on this Sabbath day, throughout the world, the Master apportioned his blessings to those who assembled with hungry, seeking hearts, and who had really endeavored to meet in his name, surely the forty who gathered in that low, plastered room, with curious home-made benches and windows with tiny panes, received their share.

“The day would bring three services, so in the morning we took the Sun-

day school lesson, 'Peter's Confession' and 'Cross Bearing.' Some of the people evidently knew their Bibles pretty well. The service was informal, and when I asked if every Christian had his cross to bear, Mrs. Stastna (and by the way 'Stastna' means happy) said it had troubled her oftentimes that she had not what she felt to be a real cross. Now Mrs. Happy is a widow with five children, carrying on a farm herself, and she it was who had driven five hours to the meeting that morning.

"In common with many Bohemian Christians our host had family prayers three times a day. After dinner, from the shelf overhead in the kitchen he took down the old Bohemian leather hymn book, one half as big as Webster's Unabridged, and dating back a hundred years or more. Two or three long hymns they sang therefrom, and then I slipped out for a bit of a snooze on the benches before service time. How refreshing; but, buz—z! The hum of conversation! And—smack, smack, smack, sma—ck! Like the explosion of a Fourth of July pack of firecrackers! What's this? thought I, and opened the kitchen door. Newcomers were arriving, and men and women, boys and girls, seemed to be kissing each other promiscuously, and that not only on one cheek but on both. Truly a startling sight to the uninitiated. But there was method in this madness. Brothers, mothers, uncles, sisters, were meeting each other for the first time in months. A sort of family reunion."

"And then, father?" (from the boy).

"And then the afternoon service began. 'Paul's Conversion' was the theme. A *hajny* (keeper of the forest) was there; a feather in his cap, and a long, long pipe sticking out of his pocket. Again in the evening we had 'How to be Happy,' from the first Psalm.

"As a sort of an annex to the evening meeting, came a review of the day. Any who wished could tell briefly what, from the three services, had especially interested, helped or blessed him, and I had given warning of this the first thing in the morning. It was a new thing. The people took hold of it with evident zest and enjoyment. Some of the brethren waxed eloquent and lengthy, and at half-past ten I left them still at it and went into the kitchen where Baby Marta was fast asleep. Our hostess kindly *made down* the bed, and I crept in as I was until the meeting should break up.

"At midnight the meeting was through; the people were leaving and saying good-byes. One young man who had walked four hours had found the Saviour, and at his request the people sang, "Saved, saved by grace!" Back on his long, dark walk he started, but "a new man in Christ Jesus." May the Lord keep him!

"Were we through for the day? By no means. The brethren felt

some church affairs must be talked over, so we had a sort of church meeting until two o'clock. Then came supper, and then, the moon being up, Mrs. Stastna's young people were aroused, lunched, and started on their five hours' ride home. The rest of the people left or stayed, and we retired for good. Figure it out for yourselves and you will see that some of those people hardly slept for two days and two nights.

"Monday morning, nine fifteen, breakfast. Ten A. M., dinner. Two and a half hours' walk to the station at Deutsch Brod, and at four fifteen we were home again in Prague. Konec! (Finis!) And now off to the elders' meeting I must go."

"Well," said Mrs. Missionary, at the end of this recital, "I have often wished you would write up some of your little journeys in the world just to give the people in the home land a taste of touring here in Bohemia. But the people who do things often have little time to write about them. I believe I will write it for you, and so I have."



What Are We Doing for Girls in Turkey?

BY MISS ELLEN M. BLAKELY

YOU who are connected with the Woman's Board are sharing with them to some extent the blessings that come to woman in a Christian land. You are giving opportunity for a longer, happier girlhood than would otherwise be possible. You have helped to bring about a change of sentiment in the community, so that it is not now a great disgrace for a girl to be unmarried at eighteen, and some have married well who have done so at twenty or twenty-one. The days spent at the boarding school are very happy for the girls, enjoyed while they are passing and looked back upon in all after life with great pleasure.

In giving them opportunity for study, you have opened their eyes to the beauty of the world around them. The beauty in the tiny flower, in the sunset, in the color of hill and plain, they have begun to appreciate. How many delightful surprises they have had, as they have been taught to see what was all around them! The birds and flowers are not discussed in their homes, and they have no books and papers about them. Their eyes have been opened a little to the world of literature also, and so they have something worth while to think and talk about. In giving them an opportunity to study English, you have opened a great storehouse. Along with this they are gaining a taste for some of the best reading, if it is at the same time simple in language and style. Our alumnæ look to their teachers to lend them books to help them in all directions. They are naturally the ones asked to prepare papers for any women's meetings and must get materials, as far as they get them from books, from books in English. One recently

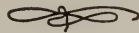
wrote asking for a book about the training of children. The vacant look on the faces of the untaught village women as one talks to them is in striking contrast to that of an average congregation of women in one of our churches, and still more to the understanding look of our schoolgirls as they listen at morning prayers.

You are giving an opportunity for travel (!) with its broadening influence. You may wonder how. Some of our girls in coming to college come two, three, four and even five days on horseback. Perhaps this, to one who has never been outside her own town, is as important an event in her life as a trip to Europe is to many American girls. Then in school they have the stimulating influence that comes from contact with people from other places.

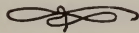
Again, you are giving to the girls in Turkey ability to support themselves and, what is still better, a desire to do it, instead of getting all they can from others. With this comes a self-respect so sadly lacking in the girls and women in general.

You are giving them a knowledge of their privileges in Christ which, together with the knowledge of the need of those less favored, begets in them a great desire to do what they can for the needy ones. For many years there has been connected with our college in Marash a foreign missionary society which each year sends a contribution for work in heathen lands. More recently a home missionary society has been organized which is practically a student volunteer band, the members promising to be ready to go out as teachers into the outlying districts as they are needed during the year and to improve every opportunity for evangelistic work in these neglected regions during the vacations. The deprivations of a village teacher are many and it requires real self-sacrifice in the girls to enter on that work.

You cannot share with these who have so little all the blessings that belong to a free, enlightened land, but it is the very best that can be shared. It is the really lasting, the eternal, that you are sharing with the girls in Turkey.



A Japanese bookseller at Tokyo thus vaunts his stock: "Books elegant as a singing girl; print clear as crystal; paper tough as elephant's hide; customers treated as politely as by the rival steamship companies; goods despatched as expeditiously as a cannon ball; parcels done up with as much care as that bestowed on her husband by a loving wife.—*London Graphic*."



Three Years After—A Contrast

(Concluded)

II. THREE YEARS AFTER

For some months Chunibai had been coming to the woman's dispensary at Ahmednagar for treatment. She had a long-standing, chronic complaint, and declared it her fixed purpose to come until she was rid of it altogether. Regularly, on her appointed days, she was present with her bottle, her little ointment box, and her fee. Her confidence, once fully restored after her flight, terror-struck, from the scene of Zumnabai's operation, never left her.

"I shall not leave you until you have made me entirely well," she said, again and again.

After the dispensary hour was over and I had gone to my office she liked to follow, and she knew well the way to the mission bungalow. Nor did she come empty-handed. She would bring a large brass tray, poised on the palm of her left hand just over the shoulder. Lifting the gay-colored handkerchief covering the tray and its contents, one saw a collection of selected eatables. Often these consisted of four or five kinds of sweetmeats indigenous to India and dear to the Hindu palate; again there would be a tempting array of fruits or of choice dishes from the Hindu cuisine, which she would particularly ask to have served with dinner in the mission bungalow.

One day at the dispensary the eager look on her face said very plainly that she was burdened with a special request. It was just about three years after the beginning of my acquaintance with her. She had spoken of Zumnabai once or twice since that time, but that was all. When this morning her turn to be treated came—and she was a patient customer who never complained at having to wait—I asked her what she wanted.

"Bai," she answered, "did you come to see Zumnabai once in her home?"

"Yes," I replied, "you were there, too, and you were very much frightened."

She smiled and said: "What did we know about you then? We are not afraid now. Zumnabai is sick again, just as she was before. She wants you to come to her quickly. You will come to-day, will you not?"

To a Western mind unacquainted with peoples of the East, it is difficult to explain the degree of confidence shown both in this message and in the manner of its delivery. The average Hindu distrusts his wife as a matter of course. In his eyes what little judgment she has is wholly unreliable. For any plan she may propose she necessarily has, to his jealous mind, some hidden, unworthy motive. When, therefore, a Hindu woman made up her mind that she needed the attendance of the foreign lady doctor, and was allowed to send her own message through another woman of the family, and when all this was done without any intervention or expression of disapproval on the part of the gentlemen of the household—when this was possible, it was because those gentlemen had the fullest confidence in the result of such a venture.

"I will come," I said to Chunibai, "as soon as I can. Go to Zumnabai and wait for me."

Another tonga drove up this time to the little alley, and through, the same dark, odorous entry I stepped into the court again. To-day the court was empty, save for one or two women who failed even to greet me with the usual curious stare meted out to every European at some time during his stay in India. This also was both intended and understood as a welcome. No group of men with frequent salaams and studied phrases stood, as if on sentinel duty, near the entrance to the court. The very absence of those gentlemen, far from being a slight, showed their confidence in the visitor. They would let her come at her own time, go through the house, do what-

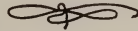
ever she pleased, and stay as long as she chose to stay. They did not need to remain at home, away from the shop or the market, for so much as an hour, to protect the interests of their household.

So Chunibai and Zumnabai and I had a pleasant visit together. The patient was soon relieved. There was now no outcry, no sudden darkness; no anxious inquiries framed themselves between the doorposts.

"They told us to do exactly as you said, and to let you do whatever you wished. And they told me not to be afraid, for they knew I would soon be well. They did not need to tell me that, for I knew it myself." A smile of trust and gratitude stole into Zumnabai's face as she said these words. "They" was to her no indefinite pronoun. It meant her husband. The well-bred Hindu woman invariably refers to her husband as "they."

"Yet you must not think," rejoined Chunibai, "that it is all done now. After you are out of bed you must go to the dispensary" (literally the "medicine house") "as I do, and take Bai's medicine as I do until you are altogether well, as I shall soon be."

Since that visit no women in Ahmednagar have been firmer, more devoted friends of the Ahmednagar dispensary for women and children than these two. And any other woman known by them to be needing treatment is brought or sent thither. And so to all these women comes the opportunity to know that He in whose name the medicine is given and the visits to their homes are made is the One "mighty to save to the uttermost."



Missionary Letters

MEXICO

Mrs. Wright, of Guadalajara, writes on June 13th :—

I WISH that you might have attended service in our church yesterday, as we had special exercises for Children's Day. Mrs. Howland and I had spent all the forenoons of the week before in calling at the homes of the congregation, trying to encourage the mothers. Their burdens are many, and one's heart aches for them. One family came from Zacatecas recently, bringing letters from a Presbyterian church, and were received into membership a week ago. They welcomed us to a room absolutely without furniture, except a much-worn cowhide on which the women and children sat, having borrowed of a neighbor two chairs for our use.

Eight mouths are to be fed, and the wage earner receives fifty cents a day. We were there on Saturday, and we wondered if they could make the children presentable for the following day. They did succeed, and it was touching to see the effort they had put forth to make the children clean and whole. One little fellow, about three years old, wore a garment that was such a curiosity that I stood and studied its make-up. The skirt was a piece of an old blanket, and the waist and sleeves were pieced out of fifteen different kinds of cloth, the pieces having been joined as they could best be fitted together. The garments and the children were clean, and one could not but admire the efforts to make the best of what they had, specially as they have asked no financial aid, which is rather exceptional.

TURKEY

In a letter from Miss Mary Kinney, at Adabazar, written May 31st, we find this pleasant picture:—

We are rejoicing in the rapid progress in building our new church. For four weeks now they have been working steadily at it, and the walls are about half up. It is such a pleasure to see the intense interest in the building. Every member of the parish is straining every nerve to do all possible for the church. One night last week our girls stood in line after the workmen had gone, and passed bricks. It was a pretty sight. They were all eager to have a share in the work, and in their half hour's work they succeeded in getting a pile of over a thousand bricks. While they worked they sang, and no girl complained of being tired. There seems to be a general desire to keep this up once a week, and perhaps we may let them, for it is a real help to the work, and it truly gives the girls a share in the building.

You would have been interested to see the sight we had last Friday. We got together all the children of our graduates who live in Adabazar, and had a group picture of them taken. We have twenty-eight children all told. Several were babies in arms, and such a crying and screaming as we had. We who stood by laughed till we cried to see and hear them.

WEST AFRICA

A letter from Mrs. Fay, written from Bailundu on April 11, 1904, gives a hint of a great perplexity in their work:—

We have been much troubled for some time by the attitude of the Portuguese officials toward our work. They have forbidden the opening of new schools, and are putting every obstacle in the way of advancement. It seems so foolish, since the mission work is the only civilizing influence here. They are very glad to make use of the young men whom we have trained, and do not hesitate to call them off even while they are working for us. We never know at what moment they may be called to go on a journey, and often they are so ill-treated that they only submit because they are afraid not to.

This attitude, too, is making trouble in other directions, for some of our church members, fearing to seem disloyal to the Portuguese, are overdoing the matter. Only yesterday, one who has always held a prominent place in our midst pretended to his wife that he was dressing for church, and would soon be there. Instead of that he went to the fort, where a great jubilee was going on in honor of the return of the captain and war party. For some time it has been evident that this young man and some others are trying to serve two masters. They have not stamina enough to hold out against the influence of these officials and traders, knowing they do not favor us. It is hard to tell where the end will be. We are hoping for some definite understanding soon, for as it is, our work seems at a standstill. Unless something can be done to give us authority to advance with school and evangelistic work, the funds of the Board and our efforts would seem better spent in some other locality not under Portuguese rule. This need not necessarily leave these people without help, for all who desired could go with us.

JUNIOR WORK

EVANGELISTIC

MEDICAL

EDUCATIONAL

To give light to them that sit in darkness—Luke i. 79

Helps for Leaders

WHAT SOME CHILDREN ARE DOING

BY MISS ELSIE L. TRAVIS

IN response to the request of the Woman's Board for an illustrative exhibit of work done by children's mission circles, many interesting specimens have come in, and they are well worth seeing. For the benefit of those who cannot see this exhibit this brief description is written.

The articles contributed are in three classes: What the children have prepared to send to the mission fields, what they have made to be sold for missions, and what they have made to arouse a deeper interest and enthusiasm in their own meetings.

In the first of these three classes may be seen several dainty booklets. One of the best illustrates the "Life of Christ," with pictures neatly mounted. Then, too, we note large cards mounted with pictures of animals and child-life. How much the missionary will appreciate these with her little pupils, and how much also will she value the neatly basted patchwork all ready for her class to sew.

Some floral catalogues have also been well used. The flowers have been cut out and mounted, and Bible verses in the Zulu language have been written underneath. The Woman's Board will kindly supply an alphabet to be used as a guide in this work. The Shepherd Psalm has also been written in the Zulu language, and the sheets neatly tied together. The Beatitudes in the Ruk language show loving thought on the writer's part. Many of our children are beautiful writers, and with a little training they can easily do this work.

Some of the articles shown as samples of those which have been sold for the benefit of mission treasuries are match scratchers, paper cutters, plant stands, needlebooks, pin balls, silk bags, and some exquisite basket weaving in broom cases, baskets, and even a dear little doll's hat. In these days of manual training the children's fingers are being well trained in many schools, and they will gladly do this work for missions if they can only be interested.

In the third class the articles used to arouse missionary interest in the

children's missionary meetings are missionary scrapbooks and mounted pictures. Several of the scrapbooks are on China, with yellow covers and the Chinese dragon done in ink. Within are numerous Chinese pictures of places, noted people, missionaries and their stations, and some of their pupils and converts. Thus China is made a very interesting country to the children who make these scrapbooks so neatly. Turkey, India, and Japan are similarly treated. In other books the children have written interesting compositions bearing on the country studied. They have used a map of the country, postage stamps and pictures as well, and have made most attractive books. One missionary society displayed a monthly missionary magazine. The Turkish, Indian, and Chinese numbers are most enjoyable, and the three "boy editors" each month must have felt pleased with their finished labors.

Large sheets of mounting paper have been filled with pictures for use in the children's missionary meeting rooms. These pictures are hung so that the children may easily see them as they are described. The eye gate of boys and girls is always open as well as the ear gate, and the eye takes in more than any other faculty. So by seeing pictures the country and people are made much more real than merely by having them described.

The prizes for these interesting exhibits have not yet been awarded, for contributions are still coming, and more are hoped for, but it is a most helpful exhibit, and shows what boys and girls can do for missions if wisely directed.



OUR WORK AT HOME

Fellowship

BY MRS. J. C. LABAREE

IN the beautiful first letter of the Beloved Apostle, in which he describes with inimitable skill the characteristics of the sons of God, he twice uses a word of marvelous power. Paul uses it in First Corinthians, verse ninth, of chapter first, where he tells us that we are "called to the fellowship of his Son"; and John affirms that "truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." "Fellowship!" What close,

what intimate relationship of thought and feeling and interest the word conveys—a fellow of the Son of God. Many years ago I met with an impressive statement about this word by that eminent Scotch divine, Dr. Candlish. He says: “One of the proofs of fellowship is sympathy of aim. His cause, our cause, His kingdom, and its advancement, our interest.” This word, meaning to the followers of Christ all this comprehensive sentence indicates, should be, I often think, the golden key to unlock all the financial difficulties in the missionary work. Those difficulties are many, and we have various plans for solving them. “A cent a day,” “Christmas mite boxes,” and various other devices. But these are after all superficial, and do not touch the springs of action. If the interests of Christ’s kingdom were truly our interest, the interest of every church and every member of the church, how swiftly would the kingdom come. For “interest” means “share, part, participation, concern.” How different the world would be if all God’s children realized their “participation,” believed in their “share,” made it their “concern.”

Beautiful instances are not wanting of those who do have this “sympathy of aim.” Livingstone wrote long years ago, and lived what he wrote: “I will place no value on anything I have, or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that kingdom it shall be given or kept, as by giving or keeping I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes for time and eternity.” And in these later days a beautiful story is told by Rev. J. W. Conklin, formerly of India, of a young woman who “out at service,” at sixteen dollars a month, has given within three years \$245 for India. After telling the story he adds: “Such giving cannot be prescribed to anyone by another human being. It is wonderful only because the offering was to missions and for Christ’s sake. Such sacrifices are made every day by mothers for their children. They were common among Southern women during the Civil War for their country’s sake. But for Christ and the heathen that is different.” Yet this is “fellowship.” Just as truly as we say our children, our home, our country, she could say with Christ, our cause, our kingdom.

There is a beautiful reverse side to this fellowship. If His cause is our cause, our cause is his cause. I dimly recall the legend told somewhere by Ian Maclaren of the good monk who invited the wayfarers to sup at his table, yet had no bread to set before them. He stretched out his hands in blessing over the empty platters, and as he blessed angels came bringing food to set thereon. So shall it be with our interests when they are one with his, and we truly “have fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ,”

Our Daily Prayer in August

EACH one of the general topics given for the first week in August needs our most earnest prayer and thought. In our petitions for individual workers we do well to remember that the whole world-wide service is under the guidance of the Master, and we must look to him for strength and wisdom in it all.

Miss Patrick while in this country on furlough has been working steadily in presenting the cause of the college, seeking to gain for it a worthy endowment. She will remain several months longer for rest. During Miss Patrick's absence Miss Fensham has been acting president in addition to her work as teacher of the Bible and a constant effort to help the poor women of the community.

Miss Powers has resigned from the college, and during the past year has given valuable help to the girls' school in Brousa.

Miss Dodd, a missionary daughter, finds abundant use for all her time and energy in leading the girls to know what is truly best worth while. Miss Prime has been for many months in America for needed rest, but hopes to return to the college during the present August. Miss Griffiths, hitherto an assistant, has recently been appointed a missionary and adopted by the W. B. M. This will make little difference with her work, teaching physics, chemistry and geology, but gives a greater sense of permanence. Miss Jenkins teaches English composition, and Miss Paton biology and physiology, at the same time winning their pupils' hearts by the power of a Christian life.

Mrs. Herrick, a veteran now in this country, expects to go back with her husband in the fall for their "last term of service." Pray that they may have the joy of seeing much fruit from their lifelong labor.

Mrs. Barnum, whose husband is busy in the great Bible house, finds missionary work opening on every hand.

Mrs. Peet, wife of the treasurer of the mission, and Mrs. Greene find most of their time taken by home cares. Yet to make such homes among Turkish homes is truly a missionary task.

Mrs. Marden, assisted by Miss Barker while Miss Jones is here for a furlough, carries on the important work at Gedik Pasha. This work, in the heart of old Stamboul, is real city missionary work, with day schools, night schools, Sunday schools, visiting the sick, helping the needy, living the gospel in a hundred ways, and it has been much blessed.

Miss Gleason has resigned, being called back to America to care for her aged mother, but her heart is with the work in Turkey.

Crossing the Egean to Smyrna, populous, gay, wicked, we find Mrs. McNaughton and Mrs. McLachlan busy with the care of their own little children, yet also helping the missionary task in many ways. The Girls' Collegiate Institute has the names of two hundred and thirty-three pupils on the roll, and Miss McCallum, its principal, has many cares and wide-reaching influence.

Miss Pohl, who struggled valiantly all last year to do her work with impaired health, reports that now she is in much better condition. Her training school has been most prosperous, and her own personal influence is multiplied through that of her pupils. Miss Platt has been transferred to Marsovan, which leaves the teaching force at Smyrna so weak that Miss Mills cannot leave for her furlough, now due, till some new teacher be found to go to help.

Miss Bartlett, long a helpless invalid, has returned home with her father, and is somewhat benefited by the voyage.

During the year Miss Halsey was loaned for a while to the station at Sivas, where she has trained a class of kindergartners, a work greatly needed there.

Mrs. Riggs, a missionary daughter, wife and mother, is in Switzerland with her husband, seeking to build up his delicate health. Mrs. Smith, widow of Rev. John F. Smith, has care of the younger boys in Anatolia College, mothering many with her own son. The younger Mrs. Riggs has removed to Constantinople, where her husband has charge of the work among the Greeks. Mrs. Tracy, after a year in America, where she won hosts of friends for herself and her work, is just now returning to Marsovan, to devote her later years to the help of the people she knows and loves so well. Mrs. White, most devoted to missionary purpose, finds the little ones in her own home claiming the most of her time and strength; but such homes are, in their sweet influence, a missionary power through all the community.

Mrs. Carrington has just arrived in this country, summoned hither by the delicate health of her aged mother. Dr. Carrington, her husband, will soon follow, that they may enjoy together the year's furlough, so well earned by both.



“Somebody Forgets”

A boy living in the most poverty-stricken section of a great city, found his way into a mission school, and was led to give his heart to God. One day, not long after, some one tried to shake his faith by asking him some puzzling questions. “If God really loves you, why doesn't He take better care of you? Why doesn't He tell some one to send you a pair of shoes, or else coal enough so that you may keep warm this winter?” The boy thought a moment, and then said, as the tears rushed to his eyes, “I guess He does tell somebody, and somebody forgets.” Let every Christian ask, “Am I that somebody?”

The Legend of St. Peter's Mother

The truth that no one is fit for heaven who does not help to bring others thither is so well brought out in this story by Selma Lagerlöf, that with the permission of McClure, Phillips & Co., publishers of *From a Swedish Homestead*, we condense and reproduce it.

AFTER only a few days in Paradise St. Peter was greatly dejected and so overcome with grief that he could hardly speak a word. "You really must tell me what is the matter," said our Lord very gently and in a most loving voice. Then at last St. Peter told why he was so miserable. "I had an old mother," he said, "and she died two or three days ago." "Now I know why you are unhappy," said our Lord; "it is because your mother has not come to Paradise." "Yes, it is," said St. Peter, looking very angry; "I think I have deserved that she should come up here to me."

But when our Lord heard what was the cause of St. Peter's grief he himself grew very sad; for the life of St. Peter's mother had not been such that she could ever enter heaven. She had never thought about anything but hoarding money, and she would never give a penny or a crust of bread to any needy person. Our Lord thought it unkind to tell St. Peter that his mother had been so mean that she was not worthy of the bliss of heaven. "St. Peter," he said, "how do you know that she would be happy among us?" "You only say this in order that you need not grant my supplication," said St. Peter; "who would not be happy in Paradise?" "Those who do not rejoice at the joy of others are not happy here," answered our Lord. "In that case my mother is not the only one unfitted for this place," retorted the apostle, and our Lord knew that he referred to him.

Our Lord stood waiting a little, hoping that St. Peter would see for himself that his mother was not fitted for heaven; but nothing could move St. Peter. Our Lord then called an angel and commanded him to hasten down to hell and fetch St. Peter's mother up to Paradise. "Oh, let me be there when she comes," said the son.

Our Lord took St. Peter by the hand and led him to a perpendicular kro, so that by bending forward a little over the edge he could see right down into hell. At first he could discern nothing, but soon he discovered the angel already on his way down the precipice. He saw that he hastened down into the great darkness without any fear, and he spread out his wings a little so as not to fall too quickly. He also saw that the angel continued to fall and fall for a long while without reaching the depths, and he was quite terrified because it was so exceeding deep. "If only he can come up again with her." Our Lord looked at St. Peter with sorrowful eyes. "There is no burden that my angel cannot bear," he said. No ray of sun could penetrate the utter darkness of the depth, but the angel brought with him more light so that it grew possible for St. Peter to discern a little. He saw an infinite, black, stony desert; sharp, pointed rocks covered the ground, and between them lay pools of black water. Not a blade of grass, not a

tree, not a sign of life. Everywhere the doomed had climbed on these rocks, hoping to reach beyond the gulf, and then finding no escape they remained there overcome by despair. The most terrible thing was the infinite multitude, as if the bottom of the gulf consisted of nothing but bodies and heads.

The angel was not able at once to find the mother of St. Peter among the great multitude of the doomed, but as he flew backward and forward to discover the one he was seeking the lost souls rushed after him, each crying, "Take me, take me," so that it looked as if they were swept about by a storm. At last he found the one for whom he was looking, and folding his wings he swooped down like a flash of lightning. St. Peter cried loudly from glad astonishment when he saw the angel fold his arms around his mother and lift her up. "God reward you for bringing me my mother," he cried. He was nearly crying for happiness, and a still greater joy filled him when he saw that several of the doomed had succeeded in holding on to her who should be saved, so that they might be carried up to Paradise with her. About a dozen had clung to the old woman, and he thought it a great honor for his mother to be able to save so many poor creatures from damnation.

Our Lord stood quietly as if he did not notice anything, and St. Peter decided to persuade him to keep all these unhappy ones in Paradise. Nor did the angel try to prevent them from following, or seem at all weighed down by the burden. He rose and rose, and stretched his wings as lightly as if it were only a little bird he carried up to heaven.

But then St. Peter saw that his mother began to free herself from those who clung to her. She seized their hands and loosened their grasp, so that one after another fell back into hell. He could hear how they begged and besought her, but she did not want anyone to be saved besides herself. She freed herself from more and more, flinging them down into the precipice, and the whole space was filled with cursings and wailings.

St. Peter cried to her to have pity, but she would not hear. The angel flew more and more slowly as his burden grew lighter, and St. Peter trembled so that he fell upon his knees. At last only one was left clinging to her; he had clasped his arms about her neck and begged and prayed in her ear that she would let him, at least, follow her into the blessed Paradise.

Now they had risen so high that St. Peter had already stretched out his arms to receive his mother. But suddenly the angel kept his wings quite still, and his face grew dark as night, for the old woman had put her hands behind her back and seized hold of him who hung to her neck, and she strove and strove till she loosened the grasp of his hand, so that she was freed from the last of them. At the same moment the angel sank several fathoms down as if he had not strength to lift his wings. He looked down upon the old woman with deep sorrow, his grasp round her body loosened in spite of himself and he let her fall, as if she were far too heavy for him to bear now that she was alone. Then with a single stroke of his wings he swung himself into Paradise.

But St. Peter remained for a long time sobbing on the ground, and our Lord sat beside him quite silently, his face darkened by the deepest sorrow. "Is there anything I would rather do than create for all a paradise of light and happiness?" said our Lord. "Do you not understand that therefor I

descended to mankind and taught them to love their neighbors as themselves. For this you must know, St. Peter, that so long as men have not charity, no place can be found, either in heaven or upon earth, where sorrow and pain cannot reach them."



Suggestions for Auxiliary Meetings

TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER

MEDICAL WORK OF THE A. B. C. F. M. AND W. B. M. IN CHINA

THE statistics of our medical work will be found condensed on page 344 of this magazine.

Helpful descriptive articles in recent volumes are, "My Little Sick Neighbor," by Mrs. A. H. Smith, in September, 1900; "Report of Foochow Women's Hospital," by Dr. Kate C. Woodhull, in January, 1901; "Pagoda Bells" by Dr. Woodhull, in January and February, 1902; "Two Hospital Patients," by Miss Mary H. Porter, November, 1900.

We find also much to help in *Chinese Characteristics*, by Dr. A. H. Smith; *Forty Years in China*, by Dr. R. H. Graves, contains a valuable chapter on Medical Missions; *The Cross and Dragon*, by Rev. B. C. Henry, gives useful information; and *Demon Possession*, by Dr. Nevius, tells of cases quite parallel in suffering and in the healing power of Christ to those told in the Synoptic Gospels.

Dr. Goddard's article gives facts under her personal experience. We shall be glad to join in the following prayer written for us by Mrs. C. L. Goodell:—

Blessed Jesus: Thou who art the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, we thank thee that thou hast revealed thyself to us as the all-loving Saviour, who died to redeem and save us from our sins and transgressions.

We thank thee that thy love is not confined to them who love and honor thee, but reaches out to the wayward, and lost, even to the remotest ends of the earth.

We thank thee that thou art no respecter of persons, but thou dost desire all men everywhere to be saved.

Dear Father, look in mercy, we pray thee, upon the multitudes in China, whom we are trying to reach with the blessed gospel. Send healing to the sick, open their eyes to see, and their hearts to receive the good news of salvation in Christ.

Deliver them from the thralldom of heathenism which binds them to earth, and help them to rise into the life and liberty of the children of God.

And thy name shall have all the praise, now and evermore. Amen.



Annual Meeting

THE thirty-seventh annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Union Church, Providence, R. I., on Wednesday and Thursday, November 2 and 3, 1904. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present. A meeting specially for delegates will be held on Tuesday, November 1st.

The ladies of Providence will be happy to entertain all regularly accredited Branch delegates and lady missionaries during the meeting. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names to Miss Helen S. Lathrop, 37 Angell Street, Providence, R. I., before October 3d. For delegates and others wishing to secure board, suitable places at reasonable rates will be recommended on application to the above address.

Book Notices

Dux Christus, An Outline Study of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D.

Now, when the attention of the whole world is fastened on Japan and her plucky contest with Russia, this fourth book in the United Study of Missions is most timely; and the Central Committee is to be congratulated on securing an author whose relations with Japan have been unique. As Dr. Griffis says in his preface, he is "the first foreigner called out to Japan under the 'charter oath' of the Mikado in 1868 to assist in 'relaying the foundations of the empire,' and is the only white man living who, in the castle city of a baron, saw the workings of the feudal system."

The little volume begins with a map and ends with an index. One page is given to general rules for the pronunciation of Japanese words—a strange omission in *Rex Christus*.

The first chapter opens with Japan's Framework of Recorded Time, beginning with 660 B. C. and closing with the present year, 1904. The succeeding four chapters begin with a chronological framework, and following the good fashion set by Miss Hodgkins in the initial volume, *Via Christi*, each chapter closes with Literary Illustrations, Themes for Study and Discussion and Books of Reference. Some seventy-five of such books are recommended by Dr. Griffis, showing how rapidly literature on Japan has increased in the last fifteen or twenty years.

While this latest volume from Dr. Griffis's prolific pen is intended primarily for Mission Study classes, yet it is an admirable book of reference for anyone who desires to become better acquainted with this island kingdom and its progressive people at this critical time in their history.

The Woman's Board has also issued several very attractive leaflets on Japan, written by Dr. Griffis, also by Miss Denton, whose long connection with the Doshisha Girls' School in Kyoto is well known to our readers. The paper-covered edition of *Dux Christus* can be obtained for 35 cents and the cloth-bound copies for 50 cents by applying to Miss A. R. Hartshorn, 704 Congregational House, Boston.

The Japs at Home. By Douglas Sladen. Published in London by George Newnes. This paper-covered pamphlet, with a prettily colored picture of a Japanese girl on the outside cover, is written from the point of view of a round-the-world traveler.

The *brochure* is dedicated to the Duke of Connaught, and two of the chapters refer to the visit of this dignitary to Japan when Mr. Sladen formed one of the royal party. It is pleasant, light reading for a summer afternoon, and helps to acquaint one with the country and people. One brief chapter, devoted to the description of "The Martyrdom of a Missionary," is probably the only allusion to missions in the book.

A Flight for Life and an Insiac View of Mongolia. By James Hudson Roberts, missionary of A. B. C. F. M. Published by the Pilgrim Press.

Another book dealing with the period of the Boxer outbreak in China, but written in such vivid, picturesque style that one's interest does not waver from start to finish. The facts are stated clearly and concisely, and, moreover, we become acquainted with Mongolia and how the Mongols live. One chapter is devoted to Kublai Khan and his successors, and another to a country without a seaport. The story of the flight into Siberia, which our missionary found a land of freedom, is thrillingly interesting, and with the pictures, the glossary, the Index and Appendixes, it is an attractive addition to one's library.

G. H. C.

Sidelights from Periodicals

CHINA.—*The Independent* for May 26th contains an article by Archibald R. Colquhoun, entitled "China and the War." It reviews recent political changes in the great Empire, and discusses the importance of the war in its future development.

JAPAN.—George Kennan as special correspondent for *The Outlook*, insures an interesting series of articles from the seat of war. The first of these, in the issue of June 11th, gives "First Impressions of Japan"; the second, June 18th, is entitled "Japan at War."



Woman's Board of Mission

Receipts from May 18 to June 18, 1904.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas. Friend, 24.57; Bangor, Aux., 50; East Machias, Aux., 20.85; Ellsworth, Aux., 10; Hampton, Aux., 43; Thomaston, Aux., 4, 152 42
West Farmington.—Desert Palm Soc., 60 00
West Kennebunk.—Mrs. H. W. Magoon, 10 00
Western Maine Branch.—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Alfred, Aux., 5; Augusta, Aux., 41 30; Bath, Central Ch., Aux., 1; Brunswick, Aux., 47.75; Centre Lebanon, Aux., 2; Fryeburg, Aux., 5; Gardiner, Aux., 10; Gorham, Aux., 2; Hallowell, Aux., 36, Silver Star M. C., 10; Harrison, Aux., 1; Harpswell Centre, Aux., 10, C. R., 10; Litchfield Corners, Aux., 8.50; Phippsburg, Ladies, 7.60; Portland, High St. Ch., Aux., 114.60, Mrs. Fenn's S. S. Class, 50, M. B., 15.70, Second Parish Ch., Jr. End. "Wide Awakes," 20, State St. Ch., Aux., 30.45, Int. and Prim. Dept., S. S., 26.88, Williston Ch., Aux., 21.65, Mrs. B. F. Dunn, 5, Cov. Dau., 75, Seamen's Bethel Ch., C. E. Soc., 20, St. Lawrence Ch., C. E. Soc., 5, Aux., 7, Woodfords Ch., Aux., 52.14; South Freeport, Aux., 34.50; South Gardiner, Aux., 1; South Paris, Cong. Ch., Ladies' Aux., 3; Waterville,

Aux., 25; Waterford, Aux., 7, Evergreen Club, 10.50; Windham Hill, by Mrs. S. F. Barney, 5; Collection at Annual Meeting, 39.94, 772 51

Total, 994 93

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Mrs. Allen L. French, Treas. Alstead Centre, Ladies' Circle, 2; Barrington, C. E. Soc., 2, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.16; Bath, Aux., 6; Concord, Aux., 30; Derry, Central Ch., Mayflower M. B., 5; Laconia, Aux., 2; Manchester, South Main St. Ch., Y. L. M. Soc., 15; North Hampton, Aux., 11.50; Rochester, Y. L. M. S., 2; Sanbornton, Aux., 20; Swansea, C. E. Soc., 7, 104 66

Total, 104 66

LEGACY.

Milford.—Miss Hannah A. Foster, by Oliver H. Foster, Exr., 1,644 09

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Barre, 15.13; Bellows Falls, (Th. Off., 87.22), 120.27; Burlington, First Ch., 45, College St. Ch., 16.50; Fairfax, Mrs.

A. D. Beeman, 2; Johnson, 16.65; Middlebury, Y. P. Guild, 5; Putney, Missy Soc., Mrs. A. S. Taft, 2. Less expenses, 2.75,

219 80

Total, 219 80

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Andover, Soc. of Christian Workers, 40; Ballardvale, Union Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 4.50; Lowell, Highland Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 12; Winchester, Mission Union (25 of wh. const. L. M. Mrs. William Minor Belcher), 30,

86 50

Boston.—Collection at Semiannual Meeting,

74 36

Essex South Branch.—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Y. P. M. S., 21; Gloucester, Aux., 8.75; Hamilton, Aux., 11; Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., 7; Middleton, Aux., 4; Peabody, Aux., 7.50; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Y. W. Aux., 4; Swampscott, Aux., 20,

83 25

Franklin Co. Branch.—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. Greenfield, Aux., 5.50; North Parish, S. S., 2.58; Wendell, S. S., 75 cts.,

8 83

Glendale.—Rev. F. S. Child,

5 00

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Amherst, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. Julia M. Smith, Mrs. Caroline P. Blake), 3.93, Harding Band Jr. C. E. Soc., 8, Jr. Aux., 32.50; North, Aux., 11; South, Aux., 18.94; Cummington, Aux., 6; Easthampton, Aux., 5; South Hadley, Aux. (to const. L. M's Miss Julia Johnson, Miss Irene S. Cowles), 50, Jr. Aux., 11, Mt. Holyoke College, Y. W. C. A., 625; Haydenville, Aux., 11.50; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 101.40, Y. W. Guild, 45, Kindergarten S. S., 4.30, Gordon Hall Band, 1.50,

535 07

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Framingham, Aux., 25, Plymouth Ch., Prim. Dept., S. S., 6; Holliston, Aux., 22; Milford, Aux. (to const. L. M's Mrs. A. C. Kinney, Mrs. Amelia C. Hawes), 50; Natick, Aux., 60, Semiannual Meeting Contri., 8; Wellesley, Wellesley College Christian Ass'n, 273.33,

444 33

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Braintree, Aux., 4, Thayer Class, S. S., 5; Brockton, Porter Ch., Aux., 38, South Ch., Aux., 60, Waldo Ch., Aux., 7; Quincy, Bethany Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 15,

129 00

Northbridge.—Women of Cong. Ch.,

9 00

North Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Wayland Spaulding, Treas. Concord, C. E. Soc., 1.85; Westford, Aux., 11.64,

13 49

Salem.—South Ch., Children's Missy's Soc.,

2 00

South Framingham.—Mrs. F. E. Porter,

25 00

South Wellfleet.—A Friend,

1 00

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas. Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 62.50; Ludlow Centre, Aux., 8.46; North Wilbraham, Aux., 15; Springfield, Faith Ch., Aux., 31, First Ch., Aux., Opportunity Seekers, 75, Hope Ch., Woman's Bible Class, 5, Olivet Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. const. L. M. Miss Helena M. Coomes), 30,

226 96

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Mary L. Pelkey, Treas. Boston, John Colby, 1; Berkeley Temple, Christian Ass'n, 13, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 4, Park St. Ch., Aux., 460, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 24.40, Union Ch., Aux., 65; Brighton, Aux., 138.90; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 167.95; Cambridge, First Ch., Shepard Guild, 15, North Ave. Ch., Pro Christo, 5.38, C. E. Soc., 3.50, Prospect St. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 20; Dedham, Aux., 67.99; Dorchester, Central Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 3, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 15, Second Ch., Aux., 6.65; Everett, First Ch., L. M. and Aid, 60; Hyde Park, Aux., 68.63; Jamaica Plain, Aux., 8; Mattapan, Miss Eliza Clarey, 2; Newton, Eliot Ch., C. R., 14.05; Newton Centre, Ladies' Aux., 65, Maria B. Furber Missy's Soc., 10; Newton Highlands, Aux., 9.28; Roxbury, Inmanuel Ch., Aux., 9.89, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 13, S. S., 17.40; Somerville, Jr. Union, 1.50, Franklin St. Ch., Ladies' Aid Foreign Dept., 20, Highland Ch., Aux., 2.40, Prospect Hill Ch., Foreign Missy's Dept. W. U., 38; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Y. L. M. Soc. (to const. L. M's Miss Eva M. Russell, Miss Clara Dawson, Miss C. Grovenia Stewart), 75; West Roxbury, South Evan. Ch., Woman's Union, 39.38, C. R., 15.77,

1,480 07

Wellesley Hills.—A Friend,

5 00

West Roxbury.—Helen R. Kirkton,

10

Woburn.—Miss H. M. Jameson,

10

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Ida L. Bennett, Treas. Sturbridge, Aux., 19; Ware, Children, 15.85; Worcester, Park Ch., C. E. Soc., 5, Pilgrim Ch., Aux. (prev. contri. to const. L. M's Alexander Lewis, Mrs. Horace Hobbs, Mrs. S. H. Thurston, Miss Addie J. Trask, Miss Anna T. Kelley, Miss Sarah L. Gould), Plymouth Ch., Aux., 28,

67 85

Total, 3,596 91

LEGACIES.

Littleton.—Miss Annie M. Manning, by Waldo E. Conant, Extr.,

1,000 00

Plympton.—Hannah S. Parker, by Henry W. Barnes, Extr.,

661 80

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch.—Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas. Barrington, Bayside Gleaners, 75; Bristol, Aux., 67.85; Central Falls, Jr. Aux., 90, Prim. Dept., S. S., 5; Newport, Aux., 17; Woonsocket, Globe Ch., Ladies' Union, 45, C. E. Soc., 7.10, Mission Band, 2.50, Prim. Dept., S. S., 70 cts.; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Beneficent Daughters (50 of wh. const. L. M's Miss Grace P. Chapin, Miss Emily Wheeler), 128, Central Ch., Aux., 30, Girls' Mission Ch., 60, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 23.65, Little Pilgrims, 35, C. R., 12, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 30, Dau. of the Cov., 7, Union Ch., Aux., 270, C. R., 23,

928 80

Providence.—E. Carol Hodge, 1, Edna B. Hale, 1,

2 00

Total, 930 80

CONNECTICUT.

Conn. Friends,

2 00

Conn. Friends,

6 00

Eastern Conn. Branch.—Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Bozrah, Aux., 11.75;

Central Village, Aux., 15; Colchester, Boys' Mission Band, 9.76, C. R., 2, Wide Awakes M. C., 6.38, C. E. Soc., 5; Danielson, Aux., 12, C. E. Soc., 6; Goshen, Inas-Much Soc., Jr. Aux., 23; Hanover, C. E. Soc., 10.25; Jewett City, Aux., 10; Lebanon, Gleaners Jr. Aux., 10; New London, First Ch., Aux., 34.81, Jr. C. R. Soc., 2.50, C. E. Soc., 11.63, Second Ch., Aux., 45.11, C. R., 16.70; Norwich, First Ch., Light Bearers' M. C., 2.25, Second Ch., Thistle-down Jr. Aux., 10, Jr. Thistle-down M. C., 5, Broadway Ch., Aux., 450, C. R., 7.47, Pansy M. C., 5, Park Ch., Aux., 41.75, C. R., 8, Jr. M. B., 6.50, Y. P. Ass'n, 5; Plainfield, C. E. Soc., 5; Preston City, Aux., 14, C. E. Soc., 5, Long Soc., 9; Putnam, C. R., 22.75, Sunbeams M. C., 14; Taftville, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. John Eccles, Mrs. William Webster, 41, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Thompson, Aux., 16, C. E. Soc., 5; Wauregan, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. H. P. Topliff), 25; Williams-ville, C. E. Soc., 3; Woodstock, Aux., 13.84; East Woodstock, 12; North Woodstock (25 of wh. const. L. M. Mrs. T. A. Turner, of Boston), 25.30,	988 75	A. Lawrence's S. S. Class, 5; East Bloomfield, Aux., 28.45; Elmira, Aux., 59.62; Fairport, Aux., 30; Flushing (prev. contri. const. L. M., Elizabeth R. Lathrop); Jamesport, Aux., 12; Lockport, East Ave. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 3.87; Long Island, Bayshore Helping Hand, 5; New York, Miss Alice I. Hazeltine, 5, Christ Ch., Aux., 8.35; Owego, Two Friends, 1; Poughkeepsie, Vassar Christian Ass'n, 385; Randolph, Mrs. E. M. Cambell, 4; Rochester, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 20,	571 29
		Total,	658 39
PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.			
<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. Washington, D. C., First Ch., Aux. (50 of wh. const. L. M.'s Miss Caroline Norton Lathrop, Miss Harriet Lathrop), 80, Mount Pleasant Ch., C. R., 12.20; <i>Pla.</i> , Dayton, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1; N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 72; Newark, First Ch., Aux., 20.95; Orange Valley, Y. L. M. B., 19.76; Plainfield, Aux., 72.50; Westfield, Aux., 70, The Covenanters, 9.77,	358 18	Total,	358 18
FLORIDA.			
<i>St. Petersburg.</i> —Aux.,	16 01	Total,	16 01
OHIO.			
<i>West Milton.</i> —Dorothy Spring, 20 cts.; Gardiner Don Spring, 10 cts.,	30		
<i>Oxford.</i> —Western College for Women, Union Miss'y Soc.,	25 00	Total,	25 30
ILLINOIS.			
<i>Pontiac.</i> —Mrs. Mary L. Clark,	2 00	Total,	2 00
SOUTH DAKOTA.			
<i>Redfield.</i> —Alexander Magoon, 40 cts., Marion Magoon, 70 cts., Harold I. Magoon, 30 cts.,	1 40	Total,	1 40
CANADA.			
Canada W. B. M., Miss Emily Thompson, Treas.,	852 39	Total,	852 39
Donations,	9,603 12		
Specials,	212 28		
Legacies,	3,305 89	Total,	\$13,121 29
<i>Shelton.</i> —Woman's Aux.,	5 00	Total,	2,054 63
NEW YORK.			
<i>Flushing.</i> —Mrs. L. M. Cain,	30		
<i>Moravia.</i> —Mrs. A. Ackerman,	1 00		
<i>New York.</i> —James M. Speers,	85 80		
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas. Brooklyn, Central Ch., Bible School, 4.10; Copenhagen, Rev. H.			

BOARD OF THE PACIFIC

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Letter from Miss Rice

SIVAS, TURKEY IN ASIA,

April 23, 1904.

MY DEAR MRS. FARNHAM: Thank you for your kind note. I shall be very glad to write you as I have opportunity. One's zeal in letter writing is liable to flag a little after the novelty of the first few months is worn off. One does not feel nearly so important as a college senior. For a new missionary under proper conditions has little responsibility except that of learning the language as fast and thoroughly as she can.

But it is impossible to study all the time, and I have taken great delight in teaching two English classes and occasionally taking other work. My girls are bright, earnest students, and so lovable I thoroughly enjoy them. Sometimes I feel there is very little I can do for them. Those who know English well enough for me to talk with them satisfactorily are mostly already Christians. But of course they have much yet to learn. It is very hard for a woman to be true and steadfast in this country, and these girls need to be firmly established. But what I long for most is that they may go out with the true spirit of service. We missionaries are so few and reach so few that our greatest hope is to work through the few.

You say that Sivas is a new field to you, and considering its size and importance it is not generally very well known. This is partly due to frequent changes in the missionary corps, and partly to a lack of funds, which has never permitted them to rise to their possibilities. I heard the other day that we are at the center of the largest Armenian population in the world.

We have in Sivas a native church and pastor worshipping in one of the rooms in the boys' school. The congregation averages over three hundred, and seated on the floor fills the room. The Sunday school is large and enthusiastic. Did I tell you how I found the boys' primary class eagerly dis-

cussing, "Is the Holy Spirit like our spirits?" This delight in theological discussion is found everywhere. The people have good minds, and like our New England forefathers with limited intellectual opportunities in other lines, they find such problems very fascinating. It is a good thing they are waking up to think for themselves, though they are prone to become opinionated and uncharitable, and to mistake theology for religion.

Their national church, the Gregorian, has been like the Roman Catholic in keeping the people in ignorance and superstition. The first missionaries hoped they could reform it, but soon found it necessary to form independent Protestant churches. For a long time they bitterly opposed our work; but our help in the massacre times is one thing that has brought about more friendly relations. They have learned from us, and extended and improved their educational and charitable work.

There are some earnest souls among them who believe that the national church can yet be regenerated, and we do not know. We try to teach our pupils to be true Christians, without much attempt to proselyte them. But those who learn to know us generally come to us. Another good result of the massacre is just becoming apparent as the older boys and girls in the orphanages are completing their education and going back to their villages, for they are mainly village children from especially benighted districts. They have all been taught a trade and given a good elementary education. Those who show ability are given a high school education and trained as teachers. But when they go back to their homes they are teachers in a larger sense and have the greatest opportunity to help materially, mentally and spiritually.

It is terribly hard and discouraging for them sometimes—ever so much harder than what we missionaries have to undergo—and they need our prayers. We have two orphanages in Sivas supported and manned by the Swiss, but affiliated with us, and our relations are very pleasant.

I have forgotten how much I have told you of our workers. Mr. and Mrs. Perry are our senior missionaries and general advisers. They have just returned from a tour to some of our out-stations where we have churches and schools. We have two ordained pastors and four other preachers supplying five churches. We much need another American lady to do evangelistic work among the women.

Mr. and Mrs. Partridge have charge of the high and normal school for boys, and Mr. Partridge has general supervision of all the boys' schools in the field. The graduates of this high school are prepared to enter the sophomore class in Marsovan College and many of them are doing good work as teachers all through this region.

Miss Graffam and I have charge of the high and boarding school for girls and the kindergarten and primary schools, city and country, which feed it. We have about forty-five high school girls, but could easily increase the size of the school if we had more room. We are hoping for money to buy an adjoining house, which would help us greatly. We have added a year to the course of study and so have no graduating class this year. The girls take the principal elementary branches with Armenian teachers, have good training in Turkish, and study reading, grammar, algebra, geometry, elementary physics and botany, and the New Testament in English. Besides, they have music, sewing and fancywork and the boarding school girls do most of the work of the home. We are blessed in having faithful, earnest Armenian teachers.

This year Miss Halsey has been lent to us from Smyrna to train a class in kindergarten methods. Her work has been very successful and the kindergartens are in great demand. Children here are woefully neglected. Next time I hope to tell you of the beginnings of our medical work. We have as yet no hospital or nurses, but we expect one doctor and his wife next summer. The Armenians need this work and it is the only way we know to reach the Turk.

With earnest wishes for your end of the work.



Letter from Miss Allen

Our new missionary in Brousa writes to Mrs. Baldwin, now in this country :—

MY DEAR MRS. BALDWIN: I meant to write you a letter when I got back from Solaz, but the beginning of school together with the entertaining of guests took all my time. It was late Friday night after the mail came that Miss Mary and I decided to go. A report was spread about the city that my brother and Mr. Peet were coming from Bardezag on horseback, so I waited to see what news the post would bring. When I found it was not so I engaged my carriage. The next morning by half-past seven we were started in a cold, drizzling rain. We reached Ganluk by noon. One incident occurred just before our getting there which rather frightened us. Two carriages were ahead of us; one had an Armenian driver, the other a Turk. In the carriage of the latter was an officer. The Armenian tried to pass when the Turk jumped out, stopped him, and began to beat him, also drew a knife on him. I told our driver to hurry on lest he become involved in the fight. It was lucky that I was not a man, the one who did the beating might have been the worse off, and I, well, we will not imagine the end. At Ganluk we spent two hours with Miss Demetra, and you can imagine how glad she was to see us and we her. By afternoon the weather cleared and we enjoyed much our ride and the beautiful view, especially of Lake Nicea. As you have been to Solaz so many times you can picture without my help our arrival, the crowds of women and children which surrounded us speculating as to who we were, and so forth.

We stopped at Horhanes Aghas, but he did not have room — although I saw it. He is building and expects to take down the old house as it is in danger of falling. What a shame it is that so many houses have been destroyed by that mountain torrent.

In the morning we went to the service, and the teacher gave a very good talk. I wondered how they kept warm in that room where they held the service. At three of the windows they had cloth nailed, and the cracks in the floor were in places two inches wide.

About thirty-five were present. I hope they can build their chapel soon and have a preacher. After the service we had a meeting with the women at the house. I took pictures for the children, which I gave them after the meeting. I also carried two rolls of paper, which you had prepared so systematically before you went away. The teacher was very glad to get them. I also sent him a little book later for help in preparing his talks.

In the afternoon I took the women's class, the lesson being on the Temptation. In the evening we had callers, mostly men. One man, especially, asked for a great many explanations on certain Bible passages. We enjoyed our visit very much, and hope it was profitable. There were many inquiries for you.

This is Saturday, and I am very busy, as in an hour the young ladies of the choir are coming to spend the day. We are going to have a sewing bee for Rebecca, to help her on her trousseau; then in the evening the young men are to join us in a social at Mr. Nigoghosian's.



Redland's Cradle Roll

THE banner Cradle Roll society of Southern California has just held its annual party in this beautiful month of June in the Congregational Church, Redlands, Cal. Out of its membership of 165—all under ten years of age—129 were in attendance, besides parents and friends. There were fifteen graduates, and new members sufficient to swell the total number to 181.

To many of the parents this is as great an occasion as to the children, for, with little ones to care for, they are kept at home much, and this is an outlook and opportunity for them.

After an hour of kindergarten games, the long line formed for a march, with piano accompaniment, and the silver quarters began dropping into the historic cradle of the society till all had passed, and over fifty dollars were contributed. These offerings are their gifts to home and foreign missions, and they also supply each child with the *Mission Dayspring*.

They sang some of their favorite songs, were led in a half-dozen motion songs, the pastor and wife each spoke briefly, and the leader of the mission band—the next society in point of age—welcomed the graduates.

The march was then continued; this time to the dining room, where a choice feast was ready, to which their leader invited all.

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Instituto Corona, Guadalajara

BY OCTAVIA W. MATTHEWS

SCARCELY more than half a century after Columbus sailed the foundations of this city, which is now the second in the republic of Mexico, were already being laid. It is situated on a plateau five thousand feet above the sea level and is surrounded by mountains, which we like to see from our house-top when their brown sides catch the beautiful wine tints from the sunset and the almost crimson afterglow. This altitude combined with a latitude of about twenty-one degrees makes an equable and delightful climate.

The houses of the city are so closely packed together that they do not occupy much more than a two mile square, although the population has now become about a hundred and twenty thousand. These adobe Mexican towns are inclined to be one story, but many of the buildings of our city are two or three stories high, while the great towers and domes of the many large churches rise above the house roofs, and the twin towers of the cathedral (in which Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" is treasured) are conspicuous from a long distance. Scattered about the city are the pretty plazas, fragrant with orange blossoms and filled in the evening with men in their big hats and scarlet blankets and with women in their long black mantles. The Mexican dress is graceful and well adapted to this climate, but our less becoming American dress is largely taking its place except among the peons.

The people are naturally quiet and polite, and I find the young people very attractive. The lives which they live, however, make them age early, and with the freshness of youth their faces lose the expression of content-

ment and of fun, and I long to see in them that peace which passeth understanding.

The work with these young people is very fascinating, and it is in them that we find our chief encouragement. There are more than fifty in the Instituto Corona, and the boys' school, the Colegio Internacional, is somewhat larger. Our twenty-one boarders make up a very busy as well as a very happy household, for the girls do all the housework except the cooking. This means washing and ironing, dish washing, sweeping and dusting, and every day they wash the tile floors of all the rooms and of the broad *corredor* which surrounds the *patio* and onto which all the rooms open. But housework is not their chief occupation, for they are doing satisfactory work in school also. It recalls the old peripatetic schools, when out of school hours the girls walk slowly around the *corredor*, book in hand, absorbed in study. On four afternoons of the week they have sewing; that is, drawn work, and they finish some very dainty pieces of linen. Some of the girls have music and drawing also. The people here have an aptitude for these arts, and we want girls who graduate to be able at least to play hymns.

We have evening prayers as well as the devotional exercises in the morning and the regular Bible study in school. There is a weekly prayer meeting and a preaching service, a women's society, and a well organized Sunday school of about a hundred and fifty members. To me, however, the most interesting gathering of the whole week is the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society, whose membership is made up almost entirely from the two schools. The singing is hearty and the young people take part freely. They make good use of the *Christian Endeavor World*, translating paragraphs into Spanish for use in the meeting.

There is an excellent spirit among all the girls toward one another and toward us. I have never known a household of this size where there was less friction. The girls seem to take the greatest satisfaction in showing us little attentions of various sorts. They will not allow us to carry our own coats and books when our little procession starts for church; and Miss Gleason has had to give them peanuts less often than other desserts, because so many little cups of shelled ones find their way to our rooms that we have feared the girls hardly got their share.

The most of our girls are from the humblest homes, but they are by no means dull, and the improvement which they show is very marked. There is much to do for them to establish them firmly in effective Christian lives, but they are earnest and responsive. The graduates who have gone out from the school are a source of encouragement, and we trust that with God's blessing we may continue to send out women of strength, who shall have an influence in this needy land.

An Account of Commencement at Marash

BY MISS C. M. WELPTON

COMMENCEMENT comes early with us; about the middle of June. This is necessary for several reasons. The early summer is warm, and especially in the city; good work is quite impossible for most people after the middle of June. Some of the girls come to us from cities and villages at a distance—the five days' journey, for example, across the plain to Adana must be made before the heat of summer makes traveling too difficult for the girls from Adana and Tarsus. Annual meeting follows the closing of our school, and both missionaries and people like to get that over early in July. Annual meeting is not an affair for missionaries only in our mission. In connection with it there is a conference with the native pastors and workers, in which missionary and native worker share experiences and opinions, discuss the work of churches and schools, and get an annual renewing of Christian acquaintance. This conference is one of the means of developing our workers, looking toward self-dependence. It keeps the American and Armenian worker in sympathy with each other in the work as a whole.

The men's college and girls' seminary in Aintab, Hadjin Home, and our school close the year's work about the same time. Then as many as can gather together either in Aintab or Marash for annual meeting. The past two years there has been a woman's conference in connection with the other. The way the women enter into it and take intelligent part in discussions of papers written by one of their number is a great testimony to the work of the past years.

For two years we have given up the custom of having the girls who graduate read something they have written, and have a lecture instead. This year Rev. F. W. Macullum gave the address on the subject of "Higher Education for Women," its development and results, and reasons for it. The freedom of American women, their opportunities, the various lines of work open to them, are always strange and wonderful to the people here. Co-education is an idea quite incomprehensible to a people where the idea prevails that even in the lower schools boys and girls should study in separate classes. Mr. Macullum only mentioned some such things in connection with the work of women in educational and other lines, but it was easy to see the interest aroused. When Mr. Macullum said there were young women working in post offices in America, what a look of surprise came on many faces.

In this country a woman, even an American woman, would not go to a

posta khane (house of the post) unless there were some extraordinary occasion, and then it would be under proper masculine escort. The entire lecture was most interesting, and would broaden the view of the intelligent, thinking class of people who heard it. One of the native pastors of Marash, who is a member of the board of managers for our school, gave a pleasant little address to the class of five graduates. The girls all looked very womanly and attractive in their simple dresses of cream sateen. The class as a whole was a satisfactory one in Christian character and quality of work. Two had given us some anxiety, but the latter part of the year they seemed to develop more in the ways we wished.

Three of the class are Marash girls, whose fathers are dead. One of these three is practically motherless, also, as her mother is much unbalanced mentally, and is a care to the daughter rather than the care taker. These three have been educated at the expense of people in Switzerland, who regularly since the trouble a few years ago have sent through orphanage work funds for the education of a few girls. Neither of the three were in our family, but each was invited by Miss Blakely to spend one month in our home during the year. We all think the training of our home life a good one for the girls.

These three girls will all teach in Marash; two in the girls' *veusta*, which prepares girls for our preparatory class, and the other in the schools of the First Church. We believe all three will make faithful teachers.

Of the other two members of the class, one is from Adana, having studied with us three years since finishing the work of the girls' school there. The other is a Zeitoun girl, educated in Hadjin Home, and sent here for the work of our last two years. This girl goes to teach in Hadjin Home, and the other in the Adana field.

We were all pleased with the music given by the girls. The entire junior and senior classes made up the chorus, and they did try to do their best.



A Summer Station Class Near Pang-Chuang

BY MISS GERTRUDE WYCKOFF

THE absence from home has been especially hard these three weeks because all the friends in the station have been away, leaving sister Grace at home alone. Aside from her regular school duties, two of the pupils have been very near to death's door, and anxiety and care for them have added to the burdens. As this last class was near it was possible for me to go and spend two or

three days and come home for a night or two, and visit other villages as I could. As I left the last time for three days I asked the Lord that he would spare the life of the sick until I could finish my work. I am so glad he thought best to do so, for now I can be here to help in any need.

It was a little out-station where the class was held, but the few were anxious to have it; so just in this time before the harvest we could give them their request, and gathered fifteen from five near villages, who with the local members made the number of pupils nearly thirty, most of whom studied half a month most eagerly, receiving instruction as it could be given. Every fifth day was a fair, a small market day, and these days we had an opportunity to speak to not a few who came in to see what was going on. They had brought their five days' work,—thread or cloth as the case might be,—and had exchanged it for more raw material, or had turned it into food or grain to keep the family going another five days. They set their baskets down, forming a line near the wall, and looked on in astonishment at those who were engaged in such a strange thing as the improvement of the mind. I think these visitors' minds were somewhat on their baskets lest perhaps something might disappear from them, and the noon hour was approaching, and some had a mile or more to walk before they could think of eating. Such was the opportunity to preach the gospel. Many listened attentively and assented to all that was said, and in many cases said, "We did not know there was a church here." Alas! the poverty of their "days" was the cloud which hid the light of an eternal life.

Among the learners were a few women of sixty, seventy, and eighty, and also children of eight and nine years. The latter—six or seven in number—learned not a little about Christ and his work, and also about prayer; they, even the youngest, made their prayers to God as if realizing that to ask God to help them to refrain from lying, stealing and bad language, and do right at home, was a true source of strength; they seemed so happy those days, it did one good to teach them. One or two of these want to unbind their feet, so we may still have some from that region in our school in the future.

Among the older women was Mrs. Shih Hao, of eighty-eight years; she is so pleased to see the missionaries and meet the church members. Her bead-like eyes sparkled as she talked or listened or joined in singing, "Who is He in Yonder Stall?" or "I Gave My Life for Thee." She is alone in the world, no one of her own who cares for her; a Christian family are better to her than many sons would be, and she always has such a good word to say for the people of the village, who at the festive season remember her, and contribute grain or food to help her.

One day, after telling the class about an old woman in deep poverty, both of body and spirit, who said, "I just want to close my eyes and draw my last breath, and be done with this sorrowful life, just to be buried and

done with it" ; after trying to make the women realize how pitiful her case was without God and without hope, and, owing to her deafness and extreme age, how it was almost impossible to help her, I said, "Who would like to pray for this old lady?" This elder sister of eighty-eight, touched by a kindred feeling, offered a simple prayer, telling the Lord all about it. I should say that these two hymns mentioned have been the precious possession of this aged Christian for many years, taught her by Miss Porter and Mrs. Smith long ago. This time I gave her a few texts, and one more hymn was added to those already known. She held the verses in her hand, saying, "I must take them home to show people what I have learned, for they will wonder what I can learn."

Another elderly woman of seventy-two, a year or more ago was reading Buddhist masses, keeping fasts, and worshipping false gods; she has learned a better way now, and though extremely deaf, so that she gets things pretty well twisted, yet the sparkle in her eye and assent to the truth, as far as she comprehends it, speak of better things in her heart.

Still one more who has sought the true God in the sunset of her life after seventy-six years of serving the false gods, has an incurable disease, which must cause her death soon, was most earnest in giving testimony to her love of the truth. May God keep her in the hour of temptation firmly trusting in himself and in no other. For those who were able to do hard work in study the long days were almost too full, and the teachers were rather well tired out by the close of the class. They did very faithful work, always welcoming me most heartily after my brief absences, and carrying on the regular teaching as if I were there. For all we hope an onward impetus and stronger desires for a consistent Christian life have been received. One young woman ought to be mentioned for her unselfishness. She herself reads very well anywhere in the Bible; as her mother-in-law and sister-in-law have had so few privileges in classes, she gladly remained at home, telling the latter that she would take care of the little child, and was glad to have her study, while she would look after the household affairs. This was a Christian thing to do, not a Chinese. She longs to have all her family deeply interested in the truth, and this is one way to help them to such a position. But my letter is long, and I close.



Rev. S. V. Karmarkar and Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar write from Byculla, Bombay, Nov. 28, 1903, that:—

AT the invitation of the missionary conference the former conducted a mission for the deepening of spiritual life among Indian Christians in the city of Poona, the old capital of the Marhattas. The large hall used to be crowded with four to five hundred Christians at every session and a number renewed their covenant and gave their hearts to God. Pundita Ramabai and Rev. Rattanji were his colleagues in this mission.

He is planning another mission in Bombay among mill hands in a very densely populated part of the city. He hopes to begin on the 10th of Decem-

ber and continue it for a month. Kindly pray for genuine conversions in this gospel tabernacle mission for non-Christians. He is very desirous to build a gospel hall in this part of his parish when the Lord will send help toward it. May He touch some generous heart!

Mrs. Karmarkar is busy helping the sick and the needy at all the hours of the day. In the boys' orphanage and the school for the blind there was only one case of plague in each; thank God the boy and girl were cured and the plague did not spread in the schools, as proper precautions were taken immediately. There was a surprise party given on her birthday by the Christian Endeavor members, who spoke very sympathetically of her humble labors.

The mission asked her to raise a fund of \$5,000 to build a mission dispensary and a place of residence. Will you join us in interceding on its behalf, before the throne of God? We are very thankful to God that all our famine children are doing well and our schools are making good progress.

Miss Porter, of Peking, writes:—

I HAVE omitted the story of what was really the great event of last week in Peking, that of the commencement of the Methodist Episcopal University. It was the first that I had had opportunity to attend, and in spite of the weariness of the examinations of Wednesday, Miss Miner, Mrs. King (Mrs. McCann's mother, who was visiting us from Tientsin) and I, all went for the 8 P. M. exercises. Their great, beautiful church was brilliantly lighted and the few flowers were most tastefully arranged. The place for the choir behind the platform was occupied by Sir Robert Hart's picturesque band of Chinese players with their Portuguese conductor. Their music occupied more than half of the evening and was, I doubt not, excellent. Two of the four orations were in English, two in Chinese. All were interesting and very like those of many college students except the last. That was out of the ordinary in the almost perfect English and the nobility of its thought and expression. It seemed to come from a heart aglow with generous purpose. The young man has a delicate, charming face, and one could but believe that he spoke from conviction of "Self-Abnegation as the Mark of True Greatness." He belongs to the Chen family, two generations of which have already done loyal service for Christ in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in North China. We shall follow with high hope the career of this youth of the third generation of Christians.



The First Christian in Inghok

BY REV. E. H. SMITH.

ON Thanksgiving day the first Christian received into the church in Inghok was buried. In 1863 Mr. Ding confessed Christ in a little rented chapel in Inghok city, and through all these forty years he has been steadily witnessing. By trade he was a barber and was able to preach first to his

customers. Later he became a regular colporteur, and finally one of our preachers in charge of the chapel at Dai Uong, where he died of appendicitis, aged sixty-four.

In imagination one goes back to the day when this boy of twenty-four first confessed his Master, when in all the district he stood alone, when he knew he must endure ridicule, hatred, and persecution. And then to see with his eyes the growth of the church, to feel prejudice giving way, to feel the breath of the new day, and see the light touching the mountain tops of his beloved Inghok! He knew the work in all the chapels; he had himself labored in most of them. And he rejoiced with the Christians as the blessing came upon this village and that chapel. It was part of his work.

God gave him four sons, and they were all given to the work of the mission. The eldest is Mr. Peet's assistant in the Foochow College—a teacher of sterling Christian character, and an earnest worker, being now the president of the Provincial C. E. Union, and deacon of the Peace Street Church. Both he and his wife speak English. The second son died a few years ago while teaching at Inghok city. The third son began teaching school and preaching at Inghok this year, after six years of study in Foochow College. The youngest son is still a student in the college.

If one were to search they could hardly find a more convincing example of the power of Christianity to lift up all who give themselves to it. What if this young man had not given himself to Christ? He would have spent his life as a barber, making barely enough to provide for the wants of the body, living and dying in heathenish darkness and misery, and his children would have been born to nothing better than the filthy, superstitious life of a Chinese village. Whereas God gave him forty years of active, joyful service in preaching the gospel, and a family of Christian sons to bless the coming generations.—*Foochow Messenger.*



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RECEIPTS FROM MAY 10 TO JUNE 10, 1904

COLORADO	182 95	ARIZONA	30
ILLINOIS	1,206 00	MICRONESIA	25 18
INDIANA	142 80	MISCELLANEOUS	155 00
IOWA	298 85		
KANSAS	114 56	Receipts for the month	\$3,953 37
MICHIGAN	205 09	Previously acknowledged	29,210 57
MINNESOTA	272 35		
MISSOURI	13 00	Total since October, 1903	\$33,163 94
NEBRASKA	121 89		
NORTH DAKOTA	25 81	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
OHIO	613 76	Receipts for the month	\$ 35 73
OKLAHOMA	21 90	Previously acknowledged	541 96
SOUTH DAKOTA	78 01		
WISCONSIN	445 92	Total since October, 1903	\$577 69
NORTH CAROLINA	30 00		

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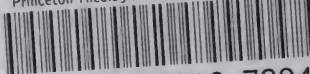
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